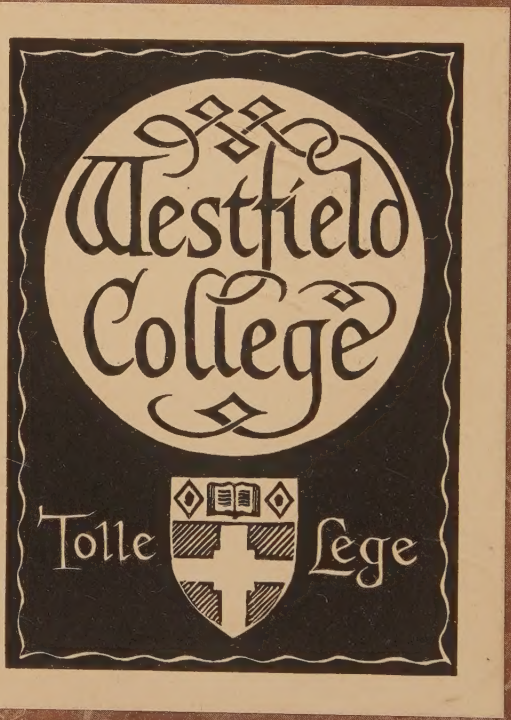
Westfield College Library

*Author* [Pope, A.]

*Class No.* PR 3631

*Accession No.* 1359



QMW Library
23 0942078 1

DATE DUE FOR RETURN

7 - MAR 2006

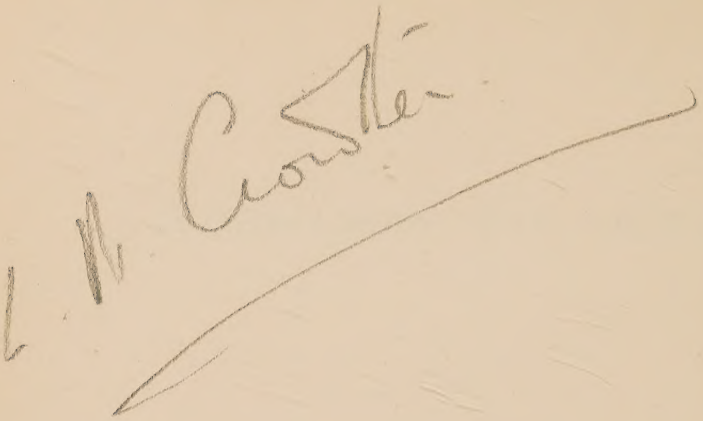
29 SEP 2006

L. N. Rowntree

1359
19.7.46

# *CHARACTERS AND OBSERVATIONS*

1932.



*All Rights Reserved*

# *CHARACTERS AND OBSERVATIONS*

*An 18th Century Manuscript*

*With a Foreword by Lord Gorell*

WITHDRAWN
FROM STOCK
QMUL LIBRARY

*LONDON*
*JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.*

First Edition . . . . 1930

# *The Story*

BEHIND this eighteenth-century manuscript of wit and wisdom lies a modern domestic tragedy—at least not quite a tragedy since we have every reason to hope that this has been averted by the present publication. The apple of discord has thereby been removed from the shelf of private ownership and placed upon the table of the public whose temper is as much more tolerant as its appetite is normally less voracious.

The story of the volume, as far as it can now be traced, may be told in a few words. On August 22, 1929, the House of John Murray received in the ordinary way of business a parcel which contained a shabby old leather-bound book full of faded but legible handwriting, together with a letter consisting of the single sentence, "Is the enclosed MS. worth publishing?"

I examined the volume and my interest was immediately aroused: well was it said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," or as our present volume has it on its first page, "A little learning will go a great way to the making a Man a Fool." I had at any rate enough learning to know not

only something of Alexander Pope's handwriting and thought but also where he had lived, and immediately under the title, written in a handwriting slightly different from that of the rest of the MS., occur the words "A Pope. Twikeam." No lengthy perusal of the contents was needed to feel assured, first, that the handwriting bore a general resemblance to that of Pope and, secondly, that at any rate here were the reflections and maxims of a singularly acute and penetrating mind. I accordingly wrote to the lady who had sent us the volume saying that it appeared to be in the handwriting of Pope and asking her to tell us a little of its history and how it now came to be offered.

Her answer, while quickening the interest, lifted the edge of the curtain of domestic disagreement. It is best to give the facts in her own words :

" There is very little to be said about the manuscript. My husband, who is a dealer in old furniture, acquired this about ten years ago tucked away among some junk that he bought at Teddington, to the best of his belief, or around that locality somewhere. Since then it has never seen daylight save for his constantly being engrossed therein and always annoying me by his forever ' What wit ' —' What a profundity of philosophy '—' Shakespeare the second '—and so on until I determined to see what there really was in it. So I sent it

to *The Daily Mail* two weeks ago. They sent it back saying it was very interesting and with a comment that I should send it to a firm of publishers. Your firm my husband picked out, the first too, and you may accept it from me that this is the truth. And my husband adds that if you are not disposed to it, he doesn't mind because it has always interested him and has become his Bible. I am afraid this is all beside the point and that I am not helping you much, but this is all there is to it.

" My husband says that if you consider it to be the work of ALEXANDER POPE, that he disagrees, as this is by far superior to the works of that author."

Stimulated but unsatisfied, I pressed for more information and received the following :

" I knew I couldn't help you much re the MS. My husband has taxed his minimum brain to his maximum and all it remembers is that he is certain he bought it soon after his demobilization in 1919, on one of his first touring sales for junk either at Teddington or Twickenham in a house thereabouts, and that he bought it not as an individual lot, but that he found it tucked away inside a piece of furniture. And altho' he is a dreamer, I agree it would be difficult to remember exactly, as he is out and about weekly at scores of places. He says that sooner than a post-mortem upon it, he will renounce it to anyone that cares to buy it,

and, personally, I hope this could be done as he worries me with his second Bible and its wise-cracks that he shoots off like a comet in flight."

Who could resist this *cri du cœur*? Were we not bound in chivalry to relieve a distressed household of the "wise-cracks" that were such sources of trouble? "My husband," wrote the lady in a further letter, "quotes them like one of the fifth-rate long grass repertory stock-joint shows that have declared no dividend on Friday evening." . . . "Howbeit," she added significantly, "I am the business end."

We do not claim that these "Characters and Observations"—these "wise-cracks" in fact—are the work of Alexander Pope. The manuscript has been examined by experts and they will make no more definite pronouncement than to say cautiously that it may be in his handwriting. We give in facsimile a page of the leather-bound volume and a page of an authenticated letter from Pope, dated 1729, so that all may judge of the resemblance for themselves, and I have set down the history of the volume as far as it can now be known.

There is little to be learnt about our author from the Characters and Observations themselves. I have found but four in which a personal application may conceivably lie. On page 201 our author writes: "Let a Man have never so many

That Author must certainly be a great Man, if a Critick thinks him worth his Cavil.

—— When we look upon a Building, Picture, Book or Statue; a Man thinks he shews his Judgment better by finding out the Faults, than by pointing to y^e Beauties

—— There are more People have lost their Reputation by appearing in Print, than have got any by it.

—— Writing an Author's first Appearance in the World is somewhat like Matrimony: he knows not what will be his Success; but good or bad he's wedded to it for life. In both cases it often proves the latter

—— When an Author puts out a Book, he does it for one of these two ends; for the Good of y^e Publick or of himself. The former is always pretended, but y^e latter generally meant.

—— An Author that puts out a Book by Subscription, is obliged to every Buyer: when the Book is sold at the Shop, the Buyer is obliged to him.

An Author that is not a Fool does y^e most Good, & the most Harm of any Member in the Common-wealth.

'Tis better to lend Money than Books. When lent Money is return'd, 'tis as good when it comes as when it went. But he that lends a New-Book always receives an Old one back again; i. e. if ever he receives it.

—— We generally judge of Books by their Authors, not of Authors by their Books. Pray, how do you like such a Piece that's lately come out? Have you read it? Yes I have read it, but who was it wrote by? By Demas. By Demas, say you? Oh! 'tis scarce worth Reading; he is reckon'd

Facsimile of a page of the manuscript.

Sir

Dec^r. 12. 1729.

A violent fit of ye Headake
(wch perhaps you'll see from the very blind hand I write in)
makes me unable to say more to y^e than y^e short fact.
& I thought it necessary to defer no longer telling you
that. I have but just yesterday been able to
have ye D. Chamb^n. spoken to by L^d Burlington:
ye Play is delivered into my Lady Burl^g hands to
give to y^e Duke. I like that way best: & will wait
on him, or not, afterw^ds as shall be necessary: I
know this was ye more efficacious way of addressing
him. I've done as you suggested, & not sent the
Duke of Montrose's Letter till now. I beg you to
desire my Lord Duke of Montrose to remember I
had ye the honor of being casually known to him
at Mrs Murray's, & that I have not forgot the
respect I owe him. I am (with ye sincerest
intent & wishes to do you this trifling office, or, if
I cd a much better) Dear Sir, y^r most humble
Serv^t A. Pope.

Facsimile of a letter from Alexander Pope to C. Mallet.

Acres, his Person can take up no more room in the World, than I who have not one foot of land" ; but on page 235 he says : "I was asked the other day by a Friend to see the House he had bought. He takes me into the Hall, Parlour, Kitchen, Cellar ; in short into all the Rooms : I saw bare walls only : there was nothing new or extraordinary ; & he knows very well I have a better House of my Own." The two observations may not be inconsistent, but they confuse rather than clarify knowledge of the author's circumstances even if they be taken literally instead of illustratively.

Again, on page 225, he writes : "The Gentry are before us about Six Weeks in Eating, but then they eat five times worse & ten times dearer. They lay things aside when they are in their Goodness & Perfection. As the same Meat is common to them and us, they are forced to be at this Inconvenience to make Distinction. They reckon indeed beyond Sea Eleven days Sooner in the Year than we do, but then they take care that their Account is Eleven days more just"—the suggestion is that the author is not of the Gentry, but this is negatived by innumerable other observations.

Finally, the author observes on page 260 : "Whenever I find a Man that used to call me *John* accost me formally with *Sir* I have reason then to believe, I have given him some Offence or other" ; but again it would be unwarrantable

to conclude from this that he is not using John merely as a generic illustration.

We can assert with confidence no more than that this manuscript is unquestionably contemporary with Pope, and it would seem probable that it at least belonged to him. The locality of its discovery and the entry of his name on the title-page are at any rate suggestive of so much. As to the authorship, we find similarities of thought and even expression here and there throughout the pages: we begin not only with a note of trial rhymes but an epigram on "a little learning"; and other suggestions of the authentic poetry of Pope are to be discovered as, for example, the passage on "some wild *Indian*" on page 228. Did the author know of the "untutored mind" of Pope's "poor Indian"? Or did Pope first set down a thought here? Such speculations arise and are of literary interest. In spite of these echoes and the resemblance of the handwriting, however, it appears to me that Pope was not himself the author—the reflections on Religion alone force me to that conclusion—but rather that some friend of his was and that the manuscript passed into his possession.

Whether that be so or not, these Characters and Observations are, I venture to think, deserving in themselves of enduring distinction. They combine wit and wisdom to a very unusual degree,

and they constantly illuminate the manners and modes of thought and life of the early eighteenth century. I have omitted a few of the less pointed: I have given the rest exactly as written, altering nothing, except in the few instances of obvious slips, and modernizing only the word "the." They have, as is proved by the letters quoted above, appealed with singular, even disturbing, force to the one man of this generation in whose possession they have hitherto lain secreted. We give them now to the public.

GORELL.

50, ALBEMARLE STREET,
*November* 1929.

Peter, metre Daughter slaughter
Rec$^{d}$ 6$^{s}$ from Widow Burgess

A Little Learning will go a great way to the making a Man a Fool.

# *CHARACTERS & OBSERVATIONS*

*A Pope.*

*Twikeam.*

# *The Contents*


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| Benefits | 1 |
| Gratitude | 11 |
| Praise | 15 |
| Censure | 23 |
| Time | 28 |
| Party | 32 |
| The Pulpit and the Bar | 37 |
| Alderman | 54 |
| School-master | 58 |
| Physician | 63 |
| Physician and Patient | 66 |
| Law | 69 |
| Books | 74 |
| Knowledge and Learning | 83 |
| Virtue | 91 |
| Religion | 100 |
| Offices | 106 |
| Greatness | 111 |
| Folly | 117 |
| Pride | 120 |
| Covetuousness | 124 |
| Revenge | 147 |
| Flattery | 151 |
| Friendship | 155 |

PAGE

MERIT . . . . . 161
YOUTH AND OLD AGE . . . . . 164
SONS AND DAUGHTERS . . . . . 169
COURTSHIP . . . . . 171
WOMAN . . . . . 174
BEAUTY . . . . . 180
LOVE . . . . . 184
MARRIAGE . . . . . 189
POVERTY . . . . . 199
RICHES . . . . . 201
HEIRS . . . . . 207
FAMILY . . . . . 210
KINGS . . . . . 213
PASSIONS . . . . . 217
MEAT AND DRINK . . . . . 226
TRADE . . . . . 231
COMPLIMENTS . . . . . 238
CUSTOM . . . . . 242
OPINION . . . . . 246
CONVERSATION . . . . . 258
VIRTUE . . . . . 274
MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS . . . . . 276

## *The Illustrations*

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT
FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM ALEXANDER POPE TO C. MALLET — *Between pages* viii *and* ix

# *Benefits*

THE greatest Perfection of Human Nature is to do Good to others : *Reason*, without this, w^d^ but degrade us.

The greatness of Man is not so much discovered by how much he Receives, as by how much he Gives.

There are two Sorts of People may truly be called Benefactors : The first of these is a *good-natured Man*, very fit to make a Friend : the Second is a *Man of Virtue*, very fit to make a Philosopher. I do not reckon among the Number of Benefactors, Those who do good out of Pride or Ambition, to gain the Applause or Dependance of Mankind ; because this is only Traffick & Merchandise ; buying one Commodity a Man wants with another he can conveniently part with : Nor Those who do Good out of a Softness & Easiness of Temper, such as cannot hold out ag^t^ the repeated Importunitys of obstinate Beggars ; which is no more than quitting a Man's hold when another is too strong for him, or like a Prisoner paying his

Fees to be set at Liberty: Nor Those again who do good in order to get a greater Good, Nor lastly Those who do Good in their last Wills & Testaments; which is only parting with That which they can keep no longer. The Covetuous Miserly Wretches are the great Benefactors in the two last Classes.

One would be almost tempted to think that most of your Legacies and Benefactions were left by Malicious ill-natured People. It is the Property of Good Nature to take a Pleasure in Seeing the happiness & prosperity of others: but These will do no Good to any body, till their Eyes are shut.

What a Character must that Man leave behind him, who bequeaths so much Money in his last Will & Testament; that will maintain a Twentieth part of the People after his Decease, as he cheated in his Life time!

We often put it down in the number of our Benefits, to pity the Unfortunate instead of relieving them.

Charity begins at home, we say; but if it be always confin'd there, it changes its Name into Covetuousness & Ill-Nature.

Many a Man loves the Memory of his Benefactor, that would be loth to have him alive again.

It is an Act of Charity to relieve the Poor. But surely we do not think it an Act of Charity in those Persons who relieve the Poor by Taxes which the Laws of the Land force from them.

We need not grudge the Poor the Taxes they receive from us by Law; because the Law connives at our Children stealing into those Foundations which were designed for the Subsistence and Education of the Poor, but in effect prove to be the Subsistence & Education of our own Children. If we were to make our Observation, I believe we shall soon find, that the Rich by their *Interest* enjoy more of those Benefactions, than the Poor do by their *Necessities*. And if the Donors of most Charities were now alive, there would probably be an Expulsion of four fifths that come to be maintain'd by those Charities.

When we are upon the receiving hand, Benefits are Small and Injuries are great: when we are upon the giving Side, the Nature of 'em is altered.

There is Such a thing as falling out with a Person publickly, & doing him good Offices at the same time. *Clito* has been disobliged by his Sister,

resents it very heinously; yet he privately does her a signal piece of Service. It is more Satisfaction to him, that she should be sensible of his Displeasure, than that his good Offices should come to her knowledge.

Of all Benefactions and Kindnesses, good Counsel is certainly the greatest; and yet, it is what we are always very ready to give, but seldom willing to receive.

We often find those Men who are never backward to do good Offices, to be the most Sensible of Injuries.

We generally love the Persons we have oblig'd; but those we have injur'd, we hate.

What we give to our Equals tends to the Advantage of One; what we give to the Poor tends to the Advantage of Two.

The greatest pain in the World is to stand in need of a Benefit, except the Necessity of begging it from another's hand.

There's a great deal of difference between Giving and not knowing how to keep: as there is between Courage & Foolhardiness.

You may give & be hated; for there is many a Man wishes his Benefactor out of the way: they cannot bear to look their Benefactor in the face.

One would almost Swear that the same Man is two different Persons, when he's begging a favour for himself & his Friend: There's as much difference between him & himself, as there is between an *Advocate* and a *Criminal.*

The Necessity of Some indigent Persons is not so much to be pitied, as the Manner of their being relieved.

The Way or Manner in which most Benefits are bestow'd, is rather a Reproach to the Necessitous, than any Charity from the Donor.

There is so much Pride assum'd in bestowing of Favours & so much Meanness & Condescention required in asking them; that it were to be wish't there was no Such thing as *Power* or *Necessity* in Human Nature.

It costs much less to grant a Favour, than to beg one: he that wrecks my Patience for a day, takes from me more than 'tis possible for him to give.

He who has it in his power to grant a Favour, who knows the Necessity of his Neighbour, but expects the Petition before he grants it, is a Proud Man: Because it is not his desire so much to do Good, as to have others acknowledge that they stand in need of him.

You say, he is a kind Benefactor that grants a Favour at the first asking; it may be so. But you will allow, he falls much short of him that makes it his Business to know who has Occasion for his Assistance, and then does it without asking.

He who bestows a Benefit without asking, is a Generous Soul. It is not so much pleasure to him that another should want his Assistance, as that it is in his power to assist him.

That Man that has it in his power to do a Favour, and at the same time is willing to do it, loses one half of the Glory & Merit, if he stays for the Petition before he grants the Favour.

I surely owe greater Obligations to that Man who does me a Favour without my asking, than to him who grants me one at my request. The last is a Benefit not so properly *given* as *begged:* So that here you are half Debtor to your self.

He who does good not only without asking, but also in private & without Witnesses, is a humble Man, a Modest Man, with the addition of the greatest Generosity of Soul. He is Sorry another should want his Assistance, he is glad he is able to assist him, and takes care the World shall know neither. He makes it impossible to have any Return made him; either *Thanks* from the Person he has oblig'd, or *Commendations* from the rest of Mankind. The Consciousness of having done a good Office is his Reward, & he thinks it enough.

We sometimes buy nothing so dear as that which is given us.

I do you a good office. Well! The Satisfaction of so doing is an ample Reward. But if I go & blaze it abroad; I get over & above, the Applause & Commendations of Mankind, which is not fair. 'Tis as if I should impose upon the Ignorance of the Buyer, & take double to what the thing is worth. A Man ought not to be paid twice for the same Thing.

If you would enjoy all the Glory of a Benefit to your Self, give to an Ungrateful Man: a Grateful Man shares half with you.

If you would have all the Generosity of a Benefit to your Self; give in the dark: let not your Friend know from what hand it comes: So that he may rather seem to find a Treasure than receive a Benefit.

*Theodatus* had rather that all the World should count him an Uncharitable Man, than that the World should know he was Charitable.

I should rather be inclin'd to believe a good Religious Man to be truly Charitable, tho' it did not appear to me he was so; than that Man, of what Denomination soever, who makes a hurry & a bustle in distributing his Pence before his own Door.

He that expects Thanks for what he gives, will never relieve a Man in the dark.

It is therefore hard to say who is a Charitable Man, Since the most Charitable Man is He, that is so by himself and without witnesses.

When a Man tells me such a one does a great deal of Good privately & in Secret; I wonder how he comes to know it.

He who does Good in private, is called a Humble Man. But what becomes of his Humility when he so easily pardons those who discover him?

Nothing is more difficult than to do Good without Witnesses: for he that does so, resists the greatest Temptation & consequently becomes Master of the greatest Virtue.

If a Man will not do Good without letting every body know it, still let him do Good: But then let the Good he does be of different Nature to that of Two sets of Church-Wardens, I have heard off Whose names were thus wrote in letters of Gold on a Gallery. This Gallery was Erected by A. B. Ch. W. in the year of our Lord 1716. This Gallery was paid for by C. D. Ch. Wardens in the year of our Lord 1717. Now if the Ch. Wardens in 1718 had but wrote under the 1st Inscription *And they paid not one Farthing towards it;* and under the Second, *And it cost them nothing*, these would have done some Good indeed, by letting strangers into a Secret which otherwise they could not know; Namely that those Gentry, instead of being Benefactors (as they wd willingly be thought) were only a Parcel of Proud, vain Fellows. Besides it might have sav'd the Parish future expense; for one may venture to say that

Never Ch-Warden's Name again would ever have been seen in that Church.

Commend me to *Philatheus* for making of Bargains. What must he be worth in all Probability 20 years to come? He is all for Reversions, not one can escape him; and certainly he is in the sight on't if he can but look off his money at present. The Titles & Securitys are good, you need not question; he never does anything without advice of the most able Council: 50000 laid out, is a large Sum You'll say, & left himself little or nothing to live upon. But can you believe it? *Philatheus* is no Christian.

# *Gratitude*

THERE is no Law, nor indeed does there need to be one againſt Ingratitude: because all Nature is point blank againſt it.

To be grateful is only paying ones Debts.

Gratitude is a Debt, 'tis true: but it differs from all other Debts; For tho' it aught always to be paid, yet it is never to be demanded.

Gratitude is a debt which above all others 'tis unpardonable not to pay: because there is no man whatsoever but has it in his power to pay it.

Gratitude ought never to expect Commendation; for what Merit is there in paying ones Debts? But Ingratitude is a Crime of the deepeſt dye; because it witholds that which the Reason of Mankind never thought there would be occasion for any Law to provide for.

Nay, It is impossible there should be a Law againſt Ingratitude. For Gratitude would cease to be Gratitude if it was forced.

If the highest degree of Anger, & Malice, & Hatred, and what other Passions there are whereby Mankind may be vilyfied, contemned, made odious in the Eyes of the World ; I say if it was possible, these Passions could be ever exercis'd with Innocence : here is their proper Object, the Crime of Ingratitude ! There is one Person indeed, and but one upon the face of the whole Earth, that ought to be Silent in this Case ; and that is the Person against whom it is committed.

There is something so particularly monstrous in the Sin of Ingratitude, above all others ; that it is perhaps the only Sin in the World, that Man has not yet had the Courage to confess.

An ungrateful Man forgets all Services that are done him, but remembers all Injurys.

As We hate those whom we injure, so we hate those again to whom we are too much obliged.

A Sieve is a fit Emblem of an Ungrateful Man. Whatever you put in, runs out.

It may sometimes happen that you may do me a Signal piece of Service without any trouble or Expence to y^r^Self. You cannot well think that

you lay any obligation on me for this reason, because it costs you nothing; tho' at the same time, 'tis certain, I ought to think myself oblig'd to you, because I am a gainer.

When a man loves another to such a degree that at his death he will leave him all the Estate he has in the World: the other is so Grateful as to wish his Remove out of this World to a better.

A great Man needs not be at much charge to have the Thanks of some People: Promises never to be perform'd will do every jot as well as the performance.

Benefits already bestowed & Benefits only Expected ought to have different effects on the Heart of Man; & so indeed they have but not in the manner they ought: we may meet with Persons who are always thankful for Favours to come that will never acknowledge a Favour once received.

There are none ever so ready to bray of Favours they have done, as those who never acknowledge they ever receiv'd any.

Bribery and Gratitude, as opposite as they are in Nature, the one from the other, differ only in

respect of Time : The One goes before its Object, the other follows its Object. Or, in other words, the One is done before, the other after the Object is obtain'd.

The Memory is a Storehouse situated in the Mind of Man, which generally is crowded with so many good Offices done & so many injurys receiv'd ; that there is seldom room left for any good Offices receiv'd or any Injurys done : from whence it comes to pass that there are so many Ungrateful & Unjust Persons in the World.

## *Praise*

PRAISE & Censure tell us what we are in the Opinion of other People, not what we really are in our Selves.

Every man has his ruling Passion, & this Passion in most Men is the love of Praise; to procure which we make our Virtues & Vices equally Subservient.

I praise you, but you rail at me. We may both be in the wrong. My Praise is no more an Argument that you are a Good Man, than your Censure is that I'm an ill Man.

Praise from the mouth of a meer Natural, tho' we know him to be such, is apt to tickle us: for which there's just as much reason as to be angry with a Fool for calling you names.

The lust of Praise will ever survive our Ashes. Many a Man is willing enough to bequeath ten shillings to the *Vicar* for a Funeral Sermon at his death, that alive would be loth to have

given him ten pence for all his Instruction and Reproof.

None are more apt to praise others extravagantly, than those who desire to be praised themselves.

A Man Seldom gives Praises *gratis*. He commends a Qualification in another, but then he would be thought himself to be Master of that Qualification.

To praise a Qualification in another, wherein we excel, is but to praise our Selves.

Extravagant Praises & Censures are equally true ; that is they are generally both false. For a Man is Seldom so good as the former represent him, or so bad as the latter does.

The best Way to praise a Man is to say little : for Flattery is used by every Fool, and there are few Panegyricks but what Smell of Flattery.

Can any thing be more Satyrical & mortifying than Praises in the Mouth of a Man of Wit. He knows very well there are but few that deserve to be praised, & 'tis below him to flatter : and therefore whenever he commends, his Wit is sure to cut.

It's a hard Lesson for that Man to bear a Reproach with Patience, or to forgive Injuries; whom most Men speak well off.

He that praises himself does the Business of other Folks.

We seldom praise any one but such as have either done us a Service, or have a good Opinion of us.

We often praise and dispraise in Conversation, rather that the Company should have a good Opinion of our Judgment, than for any Love or Hatred to the Persons we mention.

When you praise or dispraise any Person or Thing which all the World has done before; you come too late to have it pass for a Judgment of your own.

To have a good Character & a bad Character are but two Expressions for one & the same thing: the former has his Enemies, & the other is not without his Friends. To have no Character at all is as much as to say, A Man appears in one and the same light to the Eyes of all Mankind: if he receives no Esteem & Affection from the

World, he has none of their Hatred : & certainly we should make no ill Bargain to renounce all the Praises of Mankind on condition to escape their Evil Tongues.

When I read the Character of any Great Man, before I pass my judgment, I ought to consider whether he was alive or dead at the time his Character was drawn. For a Great Man has two Characters : the good one you may have in his Life time, but you must stay till after his death for the true one.

The Man who praises us often injures us the most : he makes us vain & proud.

By praising a Man extravagantly, you may be the occasion for others to have an ill Opinion of him : it looks as if he was guilty of Some Faults, which you are willing to conceal or lessen by Such Commendations.

And when you hear a Man dispraised to a great degree ; you may reasonably infer he has some good Qualities which create Envy.

It is as ridiculous to speak well of a Man before his Face as its ungenerous to speak ill of him behind his Back.

It is now-a-days become a little too gross to commend a Man to his face: it looks like Vanity to receive, and Flattery to give it. But notwithstanding this, the Desire of Praise is so deeply rooted in our Natures, that we have found out another Expedient to come at it, and with more Decency a great deal; and that is to be commended in our *Children*, *Dogs*, *Horses*, *Meat*, *& Drink*. Indeed it costs a man a Lie now and then, but we are so good natured as to pardon it.

A Man is sometimes extoll'd to the skies for that very thing which occasion'd his Misfortune.

Let us rather not praise at all, than not praise well: 'tis a great presumption in a Man to endeavour to set off things which sufficiently recommend themselves.

There's as much pains taken by some to appear to be sick, in pain and out of order; as by others to appear Virtuous & Good. To be *pityed*, passes for the same Compliment, as to be *esteem'd* & *applauded*.

That Man is truly Praise-worthy, whose Character makes me afraid to mention him; & whose Modesty hinders his being known, if I do not mention him.

To throw praises in a Man's face, is like blowing a Bladder: You fill him full of Wind & Vapours, but make him never a grain the heavier.

To despise Praise is an artful way of gaining Praise; its full as Successful as to hunt after it.

Fame is a Lady, that will run from you if you pursue her; let her alone, & she will follow you.

The use of Praises amongst the Ladys is little else than to introduce their Scandal, & Set it off more genteely: They never say any thing well of a Person without a *But*—This will hold true amongst some Men.

Praise has little influence on a Man that is really praise-worthy: his own Satisfaction is Praise enough to him.

The Things that are most esteem'd & cry'd up are not always the best. A man may be a good Man tho' he cannot make Verses or take a Town.

No body keeps a neater House than *Celimene*; no body makes their Friends more welcome: you cannot please her better than to go see her. She loves to talk & will allow you to have sense

& judgment if you give her the hearing. When you open the door, the first thing that presents it self to view is an Old Skreen, which was her Mother's & Grandfather's & Great Uncle's: nothing can come up to it for the Wood & the Workmanship: look at the Grain, look at the Joints; she w^d not take any body's five pounds for it: there is no such Wood grows now-a-days as there did then: what Bungling Work they make in their new-fashion'd Skreens; the nearer Foot is a little broken indeed, but what can last always? She'll harangue you for two or three hours in the same manner upon her Tables, her Chairs, her Beds, &c. You must by all means before you go eat of her Puddings & Minc'd Pyes: are they not the best you ever tasted in y^r whole Life? they are of her own making: Its a wonder to her how people shd miss it in the Seasoning so much as they do. Her Bread is made in a different way from other Folks, which she'll engage shall go farther in a Family, eat better, & look handsomer, than any of your French Rowls they can buy. To speak the truth, she is ever talking about her Self or Relations—there's her Cousin such a one, the rich Merchant; & her Nephew the Justice of *Quorum*, & her Niece that married a great 'Squire, tho' you never heard a Syllable of their Names: & she'll describe to you their Persons, their Houses & Lands,

their Coaches & their way of Living, as plainly & graphically as if you had been acquainted with the Familys these 20 years. In short, *Celimine* has good Relations, good Furniture, good Meat & Drink; Everything *Celimine* has is good, if she had not commended it.

## *Censure*

A REPUTATION is hard to be got, but easily lost; in the power of any one that can speak to rob you of it.

Reputation cannot be kept without the greatest Care & Trouble; and it is lost with the greatest Concern and Uneasiness.

Your Great Men are above a Reputation; the Vulgar are below it: its your middle People are affected. These are elated with the possession of it, or dejected with the loss.

He that gives no body a good Word, is most comonly a Person that no body speaks well off.

He that speaks well of himself is evermore one that speaks ill of others.

None are more apt to censure than those that lie most open to Censure themselves. *Out upon her for a Jilt*, crys *Lydia*, who her self had had two or three Bastards.

One great Fault of otherwise truly Religious & Devout Persons, is evermore to be railing against other People's Faults.

When a Man is angry at Slander & Evil-speaking, he makes it oftentimes believ'd for true.

Would you be even with the Man that speaks ill of you ? Speak well of him & you put him out of Countenance.

Of all Misfortunes, the greatest is not to be able to bear a misfortune.

Nothing is more comon than 1st to Injure a Man, & then to belye him. This is like Hanging a Man 1st and Judging him after.

We are more forward to tell a Man of Evil that has been Spoke of him, than the Good ; & we are mightily disappointed if he is so good natured as to pardon it.

When we speak of the Faults of any Person, we expect the Hearer should have an ill Opinion of him. If he has not, we have an ill Opinion of him for disappointing us.

Of all Sorts of Knowledge the most entertaining perhaps to the Mind of Man is the Knowledge of

Some shame that has befallen another; but this Knowledge would still be painful to us, if we were oblig'd to keep it a Secret in our own Breast, & not make it known to others.

The next pleasure to the knowing our Neighbour's Faults, is to know that he knows that we know it; & the next to That, is to tell it to others.

The Knowledge of our Neighbours Virtues and Merit is apt to give us the Head-ach: but the Memory is so good natured not to keep them long.

Most of the Lies & Stories that fly about Town every day, are not owing so much to the immediate Authors of 'em, as to the Curiosity & Inquisitiveness of other People. We are forced to lie (I had almost said) rather than not say Somewhat to please.

When we are told the ill things that have been spoken of us, we fret and are angry. When we hear ill things spoken of others; how eagerly we enquire, *What's that? Who is it?* Here we are pleas'd with the Person for his Information.

There is sometimes but little difference either in speaking ill Things of a Man, or hearing the

ill Things that have been spoken of him by others : he'll be affronted either way.

As to Calumny and Slander, we commonly take a wrong Course. The injured Person has no Business to clear himself ; its false Logick to prove a Negative. And as the other cannot prove his Allegations (which is his part to do) the Cause must of necessity drop in any Court of Reason. By this means how much trouble might a Man save to himself, and make his Accuser ridiculous in the Eyes of the World ?

The most common, if not the only defence of an innocent Man that has been abused is this ; *I'll make him prove his Words.*

Some Persons cannot be guilty of greater Calumny than in speaking well of others.

A Man in great Post neither deserves all the ill, nor all the good that is said of him.

That Man or Woman that values a Reputation above every thing else in the World, is afraid of nothing of Sin but the Shame.

Tea & Coffee has the same effect upon the Ladies as Wine has upon the Soldier. What he says he will do with his Sword, they do with their Tongue.

How scandalous soever some Men may be for lying yet they will always find Credit, when they say any Good of others or Ill of themselves.

Did we but take half the pains in examining into our own Faults, as we do into the Faults of others ; we sh[d] all of us in a little time be good enough.

There are 2 sorts of people may say what they please : The Great Ones are above our Notice ; the little Fellows are not worth it.

## *Time*

THOSE that resolve all to be first, do the same Thing as if they resolved all to be last.

Time is a Bubble ; when you catch it, you lose it.

There are few Persons, in whom one may not find Virtues & Vices enough, to pronounce them both very Good & very Bad ; if we do but take the Liberty of Timing them.

There's a great deal in Timing one's actions. It is not how much Good or Ill we do, but when we do it. *Amynton* had fewer Virtues than *Eraſtus* ; & yet *Amynton* was the better Man : because his Virtues, tho' few, concluded the Scene of his Life ; whereas *Eraſtus* had the misfortune to die while he was committing his few Vices. In short, the laſt Actions of a Man, whether Good or Bad, determine his Character.

We don't all of us measure Time alike. A Man in Pain or Sickness, Oh, when will it be morning,

he crys: what a long night is this! A man in Health, or taken up in the Enjoyment of some Pleasure, will be often at it; *See, how* Time *slips! who would think it? it is but yesterday.* What is a day to the one is but an hour to the other.

The last falling-out, tho' never so trifling, shall cancel all the good Friendship before; & the last Friendship shall cancel all prior Misunderstandings, be they never so great.

Some Men are born to little or Nothing, & by degrees raise a great Estate: Some again are born to great Estates & by degrees are reduced to little or nothing. A *Frugal* and *Prodigal* Man (take 'em from beginning to end) differ only in *Name* & in *Time.* They generally enjoy the same Things & want the same Things.

*Pray, S^r^, come dine with me to day; I have a great Rarity; the first that's come to Town this Season; cost me three half Crowns; I have nothing else for you.* Should I ask this Person but a Week after, when the Dish is common & cheap, and ten times better; he would think I put an Affront on him.

As opposite as Love & Grief seem to be; they'll both be cured by one & the Self same Remedy, called *Time.*

Time is not so favourable to the Ladys as to the Men ; it takes from 'em just so much Deference & Respect, as it gives to the others.

Methinks I see in the great City of *London*, many a poor 'Prentice at this time cleaning his Master's Shoes, or waiting on *Madam* to *Church* or *Play*, that under Seven Years from the writing hereof is thought worthy to be made, & is made, Son in Law to his Master, or Husband to his Mistress.

The present Time is always the most unwelcome Time for Action. *I will do it to morrow* ; to-morrow comes & that's the present Time : its put off again till to morrow, & So is never done.

A Man of great Post or Fortune is hard put to it ; he is evermore under Inconveniences ; he is not so much Master of Time as another : Ask him a Favour ; he cannot conveniently do it at present. Do you want to speak with him ? Some Urgent Business to be sure has called him out : in short, receiving or paying of Money or Visits are his great Lets. But the Man of a Private Life has always Time for everything : he has Time to be in your Company, Time to give you Advice, Time to assist you in your Affairs ; you can never come to him out of Time, but when he is in a Sound Sleep & at Rest, which the other wants.

The shorter Time a Man has to live, the greater Provision he makes for Life.

Man makes the most Noise in the World, the day he comes into it, and the day he goes out. In the Intermediate time he may perhaps be never minded or taken notice of.

We lay too great a stress upon the present Life: how sorry we are for a Friend, when he removes to a better, & how loth we are to go thither our Selves?

## *Party*

THERE is this Misfortune attends Partys: we can never find any Faults in those of our own side, nor Virtues in those of the other.

Party is a *Bog*, where you must keep in Motion or Sink.

In Party Matters, we sometimes respect & esteem those we do not love; and to those we do love we Scarce carry with common Civility.

The thing that Makes the difference between Party & Party, is not any Vice or Crime. No! that Seldom makes any difference. It is something that's innocent in it self, but still we call by harder names than any Vice or Crime in the World.

A Party Man will do his Adversary all the Mischief he can. It is an essential property of Party. By the Use a Candidate makes of the Long Oath at Elections in cramming it down the folks throats whether they will or no; one w^d

be almoſt tempted to think that they believ'd there was Some Harm in it.

He's a hot busy warm Fellow we cry, ought to be hang'd. Nothing more common than to break out into Violent Passions ag$^{t}$ a Whig or Tory for his Zeal & ill Nature, without ever considering that we give him the very self same reason to fall foul upon us.

The Raging of Party is as the raging of the Sea w$^{ch}$ throws up nothing but filth & dirt.

The Merit of being of this or that Party is very insignificant, because it is in every Mans Power to have that Merit.

To ſtand *Neuter* in Party Matters, is to be againſt both Sides.

Its a foolish way of censuring which prevails with some People. He married my Lord *Menante's* Daughter, therefore he's a *Tory*; he drank Duke *Demophilus's* health, therefore he's a *Whig*. Muſt it needs follow, because you are not of the same Opinion with me in some things, that I muſt disagree with you in every thing? At this rate, I muſt not be seen in your Company nor have

any dealings with you, because you wear not the same Colour of a Coat, or Cut of a Sleeve.

If the only Qualification of a Man be of what Party he is ; Farewel to Virtues & Vices.

It is the hardeſt Case in the World upon a Man, when his *Obligations* & his *Intereſt* pull different Ways : or in other Words ; That he muſt lose the Favour & Good-Will of his Friends, unless he be ungrateful to others.

We measure the Honeſty & Knavery of the *Populace*, according to this or that Party they are of ; of a *Gentleman*, according to his Virtues & Vices.

To a Bigot in Party or Politicks, Religion only holds the second place, if it holds any place at all.

When a Man is got to the height of Preferment he may be said to be of no Party : he speaks and votes according to his own Inclinations : what it is his power so to do.

A little thing goes to the making of a Party Man. Allow him but the shape of a Rational Creature, Organs of Speech, and juſt so much Memory, as to Say *Ay* or *No*, as he is taught,

together with two or three hard Words as are not to be met with in our *Glossarys*, and its enough.

To get a Place under a Government, where *Party* prevails, (I was going to say, either Ecclesiastical or Civil) The Belief of a God will be of little Service, neither will Atheism be any Impediment. It is not a farthing of matter whether you *Believe* or are an *Infidel*, provided you are but *Hot* & Warm.

A Party Man, before he commences such, is to lay down all those Qualifications which constitute the Species we call Man. He must have no Free-Will, nor Opinion of his own, neither needs he to have common Sense or Reason. He must not be capable of any Moral Good or Evil: In short he must be divested of his very Soul, and by the help of what the Philosophers call *Transmigration*, or to give it a harder Name by a *Metempsychosis*, he must be animated by That of another.

A Party Man is nothing else, but a Machine; the Motion of which is directed by the Fingers of another.

An Arbitrator seldom errs in his determination between two Partys; when it so happens, that neither side is pleas'd, or both sides are pleas'd.

An indifferent man is either of this or that Party, just as you please: he can, like the *Satyr* in the Fable, blow *Hot* or *Cold*.

There is one thing & one thing only wherein all Party Men agree: and that is that both sides think their own to be Right.

A Party Man is a strange sort of a Creature: he will behave with the greatest respect & Civility, nay & do all manner of good Offices to the Person he neither loves nor Esteems.

## *The Pulpit and the Bar*

NO Parson ever cares to see a better *Living*, but what's enjoy'd by himself: the same holds in *Bishopricks*.

A Patron of a Church should be a very knowing Man; he should have more knowledge than all the Parish beside: because he is sole Judge to appoint what *Clerk* is best for their Edification.

*Julius* is brought up at the University; a great Rake he is, & intends to go into Holy Orders: the only call he has for it is a Good Living in the gift of his Father, which must otherwise be dispos'd off to a Stranger.

One Man is advanc'd to a Deanery for nothing else but because he has Friends at Court; another gets a poor Country Cure, because he's a clever ingenious Fellow, preaches well, & ready to do all the Dutys of the Parish. He that says that

these two ought to change Places, speaks the Opinion of a great Many who will not say as much.

There is many a Curate of a Parish very well fitted & qualified to be Rector of the Same. This is very true; but it is not equally true that the Terms are convertable.

A *Sinecure* is a fine thing: The Duty of a Clergyman here, is to do nothing; for which he is well paid. It would puzzle all Mankind but *One*, to give a Reason for it: i.e. if he could give One.

A Curate hopes to be a *Rector*, a Rector a *Dean*, and a Dean to be a Bishop: A Bishop hopes to be a *greater Bishop*. Well this is merry Living, if a Life of *Hope* be a Life of Pleasure. But an *Arch-Bishop*, alas! has nothing to hope for; he must exercise his Patience, he's like to be content, he's at the tip-top of Preferment.

A Parson is no Sooner Warm in a good Rectory or Vicaridge, but he's for removing to a Better. He gets it, & now you'll say his own is Vacant. While Candidates are scuffling for this, behold! he gets a *Dispensation* & keeps both. This is like a *Commendam* to a Bishoprick.

He that has a promise of the next Vacancy, takes it for granted that he must outlive the Incumbent, be he old or be he young ; whom he already calls his Predecessor. His Health improves as the other decays, both which he is fully persuaded does every day more & more, till the moment he dies himself. The Incumbent of Lambeth burys many a hopeful Successor.

Why shall not a School-Master enjoy a *Plurality* of Schools thirty miles distant from each other, with as much reason as a Clergyman enjoys a Plurality of Livings ? The Lads surely have as good a chance to be well instructed by the first, as the Congregation have to be edified by the other. Ay ! but there is no Custom for the first ; for the other there is : *Custom* is Reason.

*Example* is as necessary as *Doctrine*. Whenever *Titus* preaches, he exhorts his Flock to the discharge of their Duties in their Several Stations and Callings : This is his *Doctrine*, and very good they think it is. And for *Example*, you must know he holds a *Deanery*, a *Prebend* & a *Vicaridge*, two of which he visits once a Year : and very good he thinks this is.

A Man's Profession is oftentimes the only Thing he has the least Knowledge of. *Theologus* has a fat

Living of Three hundred a Year: He understands *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Fencing*, incomparably well; and then as for *Law* and *Politicks* he is fit to be a Counsellor of State. He seldom preaches indeed, because he cannot make Sermons.

What have Clergymen to do in State Affairs? What Obligation lies upon them to be Civil Magistrates? Its their Duty to explain and enforce the Truths of the Gospel, and really 'tis Business enough. Whenever the Law & the Gospel meet together in the same Person, its well if the Tares do not choak the good Seed. A Bishop is excused from his *Diocese* when the *Parliament* is Sitting; So is every Priest in *Commission* excused from Church-Duty, whenever there's a *Month's Meeting* or a *Quarter Sessions*.

Antonius has left off Preaching entirely, being grown Rich & Lazy, & quite tired out with doing ill; were it not that he gives his Assistant five Shillings a Sunday & no Dinner, reserving to himself all the Profits of Funeral Sermons, Weddings & other Surplice-Fees, & excusing his Parish all the Week Days from coming to Church.

Radolphus has a little Church which will not hold half his Parish; but you need not stay at

home; for whenever he preaches, there's always room enough.

The *Duty* of a Parson is the Cure of Souls, his *Trade* is commonly the Care of Tithes. Some Parsons keep a Curate to do the Duty, but pursue the Trade themselves.

Horatio has been a Curate, a Deputy, a Journyman, or a Slave if you please, for many Years. All the duty of the Parish lay upon him which he faitfully discharg'd, while the Rector was Eating & Drinking, or Sleeping, or taking his Pleasure, or doing Nothing. The Rector dies at last, & who sh[d] the Patron make choice of for a Successor but this diligent poor Man Horatio. *Horatio* is put into Possession: but by your leave *Horatio* has too good a place now to do the Business himself; its his Business to be idle & Business enough, & this Business he religiously observes: for he does that by another which his Predecessor did by him; He prays & preaches by Proxy.

In all other Professions, *Self-Interest* bears the Bell; every one takes Care of his own Mother's Child. The Clergy have a different way of Speaking: When they look after their Dues & their Rights, *it is not for themselves* by no means; *What*

*they do is purely for the sake of their Successors.* This is their form of speaking : but their form of thinking and acting, is just the same with Men of other Professions.

Degrees are of use to a man if he resides in the University or within five Miles round ; for here the Rule is *Seniores priores* & no other. Launch out of this Circle & Priority is determined another way : A Benefice that turns out the most Corn & Hay, the most Piggs & Poultry claims to it self this Priviledge. A Blockhead may be a greater Man than a Philosopher, & in the judgment of those who are or should be Men of the greatest Learning. The Bishop will have none to dine with him at Visitations but Rectors & Vicars.

That Parson, Vicar, or Curate that does not make his own Sermons, is by all Mankind inexcusable, if he does not preach good Ones : the former may be owing to *want* of *Invention*, but the other is certainly *Error of Judgment.*

You may read a very good Sermon in *Print* and its possible you may have heard the same a very bad one from the *Pulpit.* The *Fool* acted wisely who was bid to make a Speech for my L[d]

Mayor; he desired first *to take measure* of his Lordship's mouth.

There are two things make a Clergyman esteemed: to preach *good* Sermons, and *Short* ones.

A Parson that preaches long Sermons, loves to hear himself talk.

Yet some Men judge of Sermons by the Length. Now methinks a little Man is as much a Man as a Giant, and always more active. Neither Men nor Sermons ought to be measured by the *Ell.*

The best part of Some Sermons is always *reserved to another Opportunity.*

You may observe in some Country Churches a certain Officer called a *Virger* or *Beadle:* whose Business it is to keep the Congregation in Order. He is to be known by these marks; a *White Staff* like the *Mayor's* of a Corporation; together with a *blew Gown*, at one end of which pops out a *grim circumspect Phiz.* This Man is a great Enemy to Noise and Sleep, for he will beat the Dogs for barking and their Masters for lying Still. He seems to be placed here on purpose to countermine the

Preacher; for he always undoes what the other has done.

When the Preacher crys out to his Congregation *Do not Sleep*, he very much resembles the School Master, who whips his Boys till they cry, and afterwards whips them for crying.

There's difference between a fine Discourse and a good One. The fine Discourse may be delivered from the *Bar*, the good one only from the *Pulpit*.

You may have heard it from the mouths of the Vulgar, you may have heard it from men of Learning, & good Sense, *Such a one is an Excellent Preacher*. But it may be observ'd that this Excellency is in the power of any Clergyman that can *Read well*.

Why shall the term *Preaching* be mark'd out as the chief Characteristick of a Clergyman. Such a Parson preaches at such a Church, they say; and such a Parson at Such a Church. What! Do People think that the whole Duty of a Parson consists in Preaching? Those, that think aright, are of opinion that it is the least part of their Duty, tho' there is bestow'd on it the most Pains.

To describe some Vices in their full Latitude, in all their particular Circumstances ; is the ready way to make some People in love with them : let it suffice to name them.

When you hear a Preacher interlace his Sermons with Scraps of *Latin* or *Greek* (as for *Hebrew* 'tis but little known) take it for granted that his desire is not so much to instruct the People as to be thought himself a great Schollar.

The finest things out of season lose their Beauty ; nay sometimes become ridiculous unless there be assigned to 'em their proper time & place. A Quotation out of a *Latin* or *Greek* Author delivered from the pulpit will displease those most who understand it best.

What has a Preacher to do, to bring *Horace* & *Virgil*, *Lucretius* & *Juvenal*, *Homer* & *Hesiod* in the Pulpit ? 'Tis true the *Prophane* Authors are those Great Masters that bestow Learning & good Sense on Mankind. But It was never yet known, save only out of the Preacher's Mouth, That things necessary to Salvation were to be proved out of *Prophane* Authors.

Men of Learning and good Sense will take S^t^ *Matthew* & S^t^ *Paul* upon their words. A Greek

or Latin Verse of *Homer* or *Virgil* is of no use to them in the Pulpit; if it be of use to any, its to the ignorant & the Vulgar, to set 'em a staring & gaping at the Parson.

*To make an Exchange*, is a Phrase of Speech coined and engrossed by the *Parsons*. The *School Masters* can neither find it in Authors, nor in Practice.

Those Gentlemen who delight in making *Exchanges* lie obnoxious to the Reflections of Mankind. They are thought by the good natured part, to believe that their respective Flocks may better edify by the Instruction of others than of themselves: The Censorious part of the World resolve it into Something else.

Some have Preferments & are happy; its enough for others to deserve them.

As few Preferments there may seem to be & as many more there are wish't to be, the number of them is considerably too great, if only those had them who deserve them.

The same Action, shameful enough in it self, shall have quite a different Name & Signification given to it, after a few words of the Priest.

It is perhaps no Violation of Truth to say, That the number of those People who have occasion for Advice in Spiritual Concerns falls not short of those who have the like occasion in Things Temporal or in Matters pertaining to their Health: Had the Divine no other Provision made for him than the Lawyer or the Physician, he might soon go a Begging.

A Lawyer is like Marble, very hard and very smooth.

Rich Lawyers & rich Physicians always live in a bad Neighbourhood.

When you read an *Historian* or *Book of Morality:* you can seldom be out in the Sense and Meaning. All the World are generally agreed that the Author means so & so, & nothing else. In short we never have any Scruples about it. But in reading of a Law Book the Case is different: Never enquire what the Authors or Makers of the Law mean; the Interpretation of that alters according to the different Opinion of the Lawyers whose Advice we ask. One takes it in this Signification, another in that: nay & what is Still worse, the same Lawyer shall to different Persons give the same Case different Interpretations. You never knew

a Man that went to *Counsel*, but was told that the Law was on his side, which would be Encouragement enough, but that his Adversary likewise is always told the same Story. A very hard Study the Law is: But thanks to those pieces of Metal, commonly call'd *Fees!* They serve instead of *Annotations* & *Various Readings*.

There never was a Cause yet, right or wrong, that ever wanted an Advocate to defend it.

The Law is like that sort of work where there are 2 holes made for one Mended.

It is difficult to say whether some Gentlemen of the Law have a Large Conscience, or no Conscience at all. There are, who will not scruple to set down in Charges twice, three times as much as the Debt you are suing for:

Two Learned Men dispute upon a Case; & the Determination is left to the Judgment of a parcel of illiterate Fellows, that perhaps can neither read nor write. What else can this be but the *Lawyers* & *Jury*, the *Pleadings* and *Verdict* at an Assize?

Consult a Lawyer upon a Case, & he'll have a Fee before he opens his mouth: Contradict or

dispute with him & you shall have his Opinion *gratis*. What a World do we live in where our Passions are better natured than our Reason ?

A Lawyer has no certain Opinion of his own : it depends upon the meer chance of that Side of the Question which falls to his lot : if his Opinion be good, he has just as much Merit, as a Man that has a lucky throw at Dice, or has dealt him a handful of good Cards.

You have a Cause to be tried ; and your Lawyer speeches it most vigorously on your Side. The next Cause to be tried is of the same Nature, but then he's on the other side.

Dealers in Law are like Bells, that will ring for any one that pays.

When you see two Lawyers at it tooth & nail against one another ; you may truly say of 'em, That the One is hired to tell a parcel of Lies, the other to speak Truth : but you cannot as truly say, That the One is a better Man than the other.

Instead then of asking whether the Cause be good or bad, we should ask whether the Lawyer

be good or bad. We call him a good Lawyer that can by the dint of Eloquence or cross-examining put a Face of Truth upon a bad Cause and gain his point: he's the bad Lawyer that without disguise Speaks the Truth & nothing but the Truth; that speaks no more in defence of the Cause than what the Cause will fairly hear. Fine Speeches are of more weight than solid Arguments to a Jury. The Jury are a Species of Animals that if you will hold fast you must catch them by the *Ears*.

Why shall not the determination of all Causes be left solely in the *Judge*? He has studied the Laws & is therefore more capable of knowing what is Right & Wrong than 'tis possible for the *Jury* to be; who perhaps never went farther in a Law Book than the *Parish Officer* writ by *Giles Jacob* Gent: But the Jury, you'll say, cannot be brib'd.

A good & easy Method in adjusting all Differences, and much cheaper than by the Way of the Law, would be to turn up Cross or Pile: Hereby the one Party would be a considerable Gainer, & Seldom w^d^ the other be a Loser.

The Plaintiffe & Defendant w^d^ often time make no ill bargain if they w^d^ shake hands & be Friends;

& let the Lawyer take to him self what they are contending for. The Lawyer indeed might be the worse for it.

Juſt quite the Reverse of what a Client tells his *Counsel*, is sometimes the Right & so adjudg'd by the Court.

The Jury know nothing of the Law. What Necessity for Lawyers to talk to 'em? They do but puzzle 'em with Terms. Were the *Plaintiff* & *Defendant* with their Witnesses to tell the ſtory themselves in their own Way, & only a certain Officer appointed to keep them from going to Loggerheads & to see that but one speak at a time: The Jury would underſtand more of the matter, judge better of it, & seldom be out in their verdict.

There was a time when an Act of Limitations was laid upon all Attorneys & other Retailers of the Law; so that little or nothing c$^{d}$ be got in a fair honeſt Way, & to offend ag$^{t}$ the Act was incurring a great Penalty. This did not please *Valerio's* Conſtitution by any means; he hated Reſtraint, c$^{d}$ not bear it. What does he do, but he shuts up Shop, & inſtead of Selling Law the Trade he was brought up to, he resolves to turn Law-Maker.

The Place where this Manufacture is wrought stands upon a very high Ascent; & the way to it something difficult & dangerous; but when a Man is once got up he's as safe as a Thief in a Mill. You must know This is a more creditable Employ than the other, more advantageous, Subject to no Restrictions or Penaltys; in short the Members hereof are a Body corporate, a formidable Body, who have agreed all to a Man, if any One dislikes the Goods they make, to have Severe Punishm[t] inflicted on 'em. Poor *Valerio* was in the utmost impatience to be Free of this Society; but how to come there was the Question. He hardens his Front, puts on a Resolution, & to show himself a brave Fellow what he c[d] do, he begins at the steepest part of the hill: there was a shorter Cut by far & much more easy, but it was below the Dignity of his Soul to go that Road; it was Common.—Well! he sets out, but before he had got half way his Foot slipt, down he drops, & if the Proverb had not sav'd him had certainly broke his Neck: *Valerio* may now return to his old Trade & take care he does not Break there.

The *Copies* of most Writings are every Whit as useful & valuable as the *Originals* themselves. You need only to except the Writings of those Gentlemen of the *long Robe*, who deal in Stampt-Paper & Parchment:

The Parson has this Advantage over the Lawyer : he can write down what he has to say, and talk without being contradicted.

He's a bad Lawyer that can't speak *extempore* what's proper to be said ; he's a bad Preacher who cannot read true what's before his eyes.

# *Alderman*

THE Sense and Wisdom of an Alderman lies in his *Gown*, & *Furrs*; when these are taken off, you have nothing left but *Caput mortuum*.

An Alderman is a Two-leg'd Animal; or, if you please, an Animal with 2 Legs, a huge prominent Abdomen, a Pair of Hands & a Head-Piece. The first are of no use after ten at Night, The Second is the Bane of good Meat & Drink, on which the Third are always in Waiting, & as for the last it is good for Nothing, except holding a few Ideas; such as *Corporation*, *Seniority*, Rights & Privileges, *Quarter-Sessions*, *Mayor's Feasts*, *Elections*, & some others not worth mentioning.

When an Alderman drops they must take such as they can find to fill up the Number. A Man of Sense will have nothing to do with 'em, or if they should happen to choose a Man of Sense, they will afterwards have nothing to do with him.

An Alderman has a mortal Antipathy to Strangers & Gentlemen. They swell and are ready to burst

when another takes place of 'em. They have no Notion of Merit but the highest Seat in a Room.

A Cane with a Silver Head, together with the Name & year engrav'd, is as constant a Companion to an Alderman, when he goes into Town; as a Night Gown is to a Country Parson and a School Master when they go to Church or a visiting.

A Corporation serves oftentimes only to make many an honest Tradesman a proud Fellow; who otherwise cou'd never have known what it was to be Proud.

An Alderman has nothing to do but to eat and drink all the day, and go to bed soberly drunk in good time at night; to vote for a Mayor once a year & wait on him once a Week; to attend all Publick Feasts & walk all Fairs; to sit with his Hat on in Council, and in the Ale-house to sit next Fire, & to talk in both with a great deal of Gravity and Length; to know his Seat at Church, & to take a Nap when he is there; but especially and above all things to obey no body but his Wife. This is the Life of an *Alderman.*

How many honeſt Men lose their Underſtanding & all their good qualities besides, when once they commence Aldermen.

In some parts of the world *To keep Company* (that is Conversation) means nothing else but to Smoak a Pipe and take a Glass. Agreeable whereunto is what *Aldermannus* was used to say, That *Talking spoil'd Company*; judging very wisely of the reſt of Mankind by his own Self, That the beſt Speech they can make is to say nothing at all.

In Conversation there is but one set of Folks that are priviledg'd to Toaſt their own Healths, and those are your *Bodys Corporate*. Come! *let's have the* Colporation—*a Bumper*—*Standing*—*Prosperation to the* Colporation. Now there was no body in Company but the *Mayor* and eleven *Aldermen*.

We never appear so profoundly wise to our Selves & less so to others, as when we put on an Air of Gravity: An *Ass* & an *Owl* & an *Alderman* are the gravest Animals of all their Species.

When I see the Mayor of a Corporation and the Aldermen his Brethren go coupled in their Formalities cheek by joul on a Procession Day in what

Order and Regularity they move, only that the Parson brings up the Rear *Solus cum Solo* : I cannot for my Life help thinking on a *Team* of Brave fat *Oxen* (pardon the Courseness of the Similitude) all caparison'd in their Gears and Trappings. Perhaps you will make a Question which are the more useful Members to a Common-wealth.

## *School-master*

THE School-masters Holy-day, which is one day a Week, is look'd upon to be the only day of Labour by Parsons Vicars & Curates.

How much labour in vain do poor School-Masters take? One would almost Swear that most Parents sent their children to School, on purpose to forget when they become Men, what they had learnt when they were Boys.

Have a care how you send a Child to School: either send him not at all, or let him go thorough with it. *Morus* has just Letters enough to be a Coxcomb: had he less or had he more, he would have been fit for Conversation.

Education is like a Woman's *pair of Stays:* which serves to make, as well as to hide, many Deformitys.

From the Benefit of Schools proceed *Lawyers*, *Physicians*, *Divines*, and all Gentlemen whatsoever of good Learning; who perhaps not one in

ten of 'em but what think the Profession most contemptible.

Some People send their Children to School for Nothing else but to be out of the way.

In all sorts of Business whatsoever, if a Child is not at first put in the right way, he must learn to be un-taught what he has Learnt wrong, and then begin to Learn what he sh$^{d}$ be taught right; just so for every mile you go out of y$^{r}$ road, you must travel 2 before you are set right again.

The end or Effect of Things we are to consider rather than the Means: Learning and Physick are both unpleasant to take; and yet the One gives health & Vigour to the Mind as the other does to the Body.

The Business of a School-master is the care of Boys, the Care of Men is that of a Divine. Easily accounted for, why there are more Men of Learning than Religion.

Let a School-Master be never so able & diligent, he must not expect a Name, unless he has a full School: 'Tis all one to the Character of a Parson, whether he has fifeteen or five hundred in his Congregation.

I do not know but he was in the right on't who protested to me he would rather be a common Soldier & carry a Musket for a groat a day, than be a School-Master. There I have only one Master to please, but here I have as many as there are Parents who send Children to School.

The School-Master has to do with all Genius's, all Tempers: without a proper Regard to this difference he does more Hurt than Good. The Divine likewise has to do with all Tempers & Genius's, but he gives to each of 'em one and the same Lesson; he treats them all alike.

He that teacheth himself has a Fool for his Master.

Children are like some sort of Trees; if you would have 'em good for any thing you must transplant them.

Children are longer Children in some Familys than in others: in some they only want ten years added to their Age to be really Men, in others they are only ten Years too old, else they w$^{d}$ be really Children. This proceeds in a great Measure from their Parents & Tutors, who sometimes treat them after the same manner they w$^{d}$ be treated themselves

were they to become Children again, but most commonly do not.

The Memory comes soon into Children, it appears at the first opening of the Senses & Seldom forsakes them to their dying day: The Judgment is but slow, waits for a long time & Experience before it will make its Entry. But this want of Judgment in their tender years is sufficiently recompensed by the possession of it when they are grown up: for if their Judgment be now good, it serves them not only to distinguish aright all present Transactions, but every thing that has pass'd before within the compass of their Memory, both what they did & said themselves, & what was done & said to them by others. In short a Man is seldom out in the Judgment he makes of what he remembers to have happen'd to him in his Childhood; This may be a useful Lesson to all Parents and Masters in their Behaviour towards their Children & Pupils; *That one day they will become Men.*

*Be a good boy and you shall play to-day: if he is naughty, away with him to School.* It is no great Wonder that a Lad shou'd hate his Book when he is taught to have no other Notion of it than a Punishment. What a different Idea w$^{d}$ Children have of *Play* & *School*, were but the former given

them as a Punishment & the latter as a Reward. This is the Parents' fault.

Languages go not so readily down with Children as other Sciences ; they are longer in learning them, & they learn them with more difficulty & reluctance. The Reason is plain ; because they are always taught them with Menaces & Severity, whereas they are led to the Knowledge of other things by Gentleness & good Nature. One year at *Musick* or *Dancing-School* shall do more than half a dozen in *Greek* or *Latin*. This is the Masters' fault.

Upon a Blockhead Learning is thrown away ; a Coxcomb improves by his Learning but very much for the worse : he was ridiculous enough before, but now he is quite intollerable.

## *Physician*

THE Trade of a Doctor is to make room in the World for new Comers in: a Charitable Office & they are well paid for it.

Physick is what the Physicians seldom take.

We consult a Doctor and give him his Fee; but we must enquire of other people what the Doctor says.

The Patient whose only business it is to know what the Doctor says of him; if the report be bad, is the only Person that's kept in the dark. He is indeed the most Sensible of the Physick, which the others never mind.

An Apothecary to a Doctor is like a Constable to a Justice of the Peace: a Constable may commit a Man himself but then 'tis not in Form.

An Apothecary's Trade is the best for himself and the worst for others. He sells his Goods at what price he pleases, & makes what Measure and

Weight he pleases ; and the Buyer most commonly throws away one half of 'em, and thinks at the same time he has cheated the Apothecary.

In other Trades its difficult to find out a Cheat : the least slip in a 'Pothecary or a Lawyer costs you your Life or Estate.

It is to no purpose for a Poor Man to buy Health at an Apothecary's : They sell it at too dear a rate ; & yet the Poor are the longest Livers. *A Poor old Man* is a Proverb.

Apothecarys, Doctors, & Mountebanks, nay we may add School-Masters too, are in Conversation always afraid to be too well understood. To speak intelligibly does not belong to their Profession.

Physician writes against Physician, and Divine against Divine : The *Text* is unsettled, the *Materia Medica* is unsettled. O ye *Theologues* and Sons of *Æsculapius !* may I have leave to ask you one Question ? pray, Gentlemen, what must become in the mean time of our Souls and Bodys ?

Doctors & Apothecarys cannot be well without other people be ill.

Its the desire of Life makes Doctors & Apothecarys in Vogue.

If it were not for the Vices of Mankind, the *Lawyers* & the *Doctors* might soon go abegging. The *Parson* does what he can to spoil their Trade: he preaches up Temperance & good Neighbourhood; but they still ride in their Coaches.

A Physician never receives his Fee till he has done his Work; that is, visited his Patient: He is forced to ride early & late, night & day, fair Weather & foul: Nothing stops him. A Parson needs not keep a Horse, but to make an Afternoon's visit or so, to make good House where his Advice is never asked: he may sit by his own Fire Side, & his Pay goes on.

Mountebank differs from a Doctor, as a Taylor differs from his Journey-Man; he cuts out work for him.

Sickness & Ailings, tho' they are uneasy to the Body, are delightful Topicks of Discourse, if one may judge by the frequent Use of them.

## *Physician and Patient*

THE Poor Man recovers without Physick, the rich die with it : & yet Physick & Physicians are still in Vogue.

Temperance is the best Physician, but seldom call'd in, because he prescribes nothing.

Temperance is the Bane of all Physick, & yet those who live by the Practise of the Sick prescribe Temperance ; but why ? because they know their Prescription will never be taken.

A Man would rather be in Health or Security, than in Sickness or Dangers ; & yet he takes more pleasure & Satisfaction in acquainting every body with the latter.

A Man does not love to talk of his good Health ; it would be acknowledging a Benefit done to him : in short, Man is a very ungrateful Creature.

Without taking of Physick a Man can neither recover nor die with any tolerable decency. Its a

Scandal & Reflection to those that are about him to suffer a sick Patient to do either.

When great Dangers & Sicknesses are over, we are better pleas'd than if they had not befallen us. Pride in this ? We look upon our selves as Exceptions from Nature's General Rules : We w^d^ be thought more than Men for our Sufferings.

We w^d^ any of us, if it was in our power, defer the suffering of Pain, Sickness or Misfortune to another time, than bear them at the present juncture : And yet the Remembrance of them, when past, gives a Man joy & pleasure ; but the Prospect of them, tho' at the greatest distance, will give him sorrow & Uneasiness.

'Tis all one to the Doctor : he receives the same pay for his work, let it be good or let it be bad : if it be good he has all the glory of it ; but if it be bad, the Patient must bear the Blame ; w^ch^ is not fair.

Imagination of Pain in the Spectator is oftentimes greater than the Sensation of it in the Patient. For in this case, the Mind is apt to form to it self all the Ideas of the different Pains it has ever known : whereas the Body can only feel the present. Besides ; Pity & Compassion (ever attended with

Sorrow) keep Possession of the Mind a long time; & even when they have no object to feed upon, will not suffer the Chearful Passions to enter, but Slowly & by degrees: Now, on the other hand, excessive Pain can have no long stay in the Body; & when it once goes off, 'tis immediately Succeeded by the greatest pleasure & Satisfaction.

It is agreed on by all Mankind that the Hip & Vapours are the most Epidemical Distempers incident to the Species: they have certain Marks and Symptoms whereby they are infallibly known. The only Person that knows nothing of it is the Patient.

The forbearance of that which brings a Distemper, is most commonly the best Cure, & always the cheapest.

# *Law*

THERE are three Ways to satisfy the Law; by *Money*, by a *Protection* & by a Man's *Head*.

Punishment is enjoyn'd by the Law, & the Law is grounded upon Reason. One Man is hanged for removing a Horse out of his Neighbour's Pasture, another is hanged for taking away the Life of a Man. Are they not equally Criminal? Yes surely if one may judge by the Punishment. In like manner, there's just as much reason to pay thirty shillings for thirty Windows as for three Hundred.

Some Men's Faults go before them to their Graves; Some Men's after: one difference between a *Thief* and his *Judge*.

In every Kingdom the Law reckons three Degrees of People. The *King* and the *Poor* make up two of them; but are alike in this, that both are maintain'd by the *third*.

There's an Act of Parliament that the Poor shall wear *Badges*. Badges are an excellent Remedy to keep the Poor from being Proud & the Rich from being Humble.

Contracts, Bonds, Indentures, &c are a firm Tie upon all the Subjects of a Nation from the *Peer* to the *Peasant*: so that they cannot be broke without the Consent of all Parties concern'd: The Law provides for this. But pray what there is to bind Kings & Princes to each other? *Truces* & *Alliances* are made one day, & it is but the Royal Will and Pleasure of either Party, & they shall be broke the next. The Laws have nothing to do with Crown'd Heads. He that has the longest Sword is the greatest King, as he that obeys the Laws is the best subject.

Success gives Merit & Praise & justice to a Cause; without w^ch^ it is odious, criminal and Illegal: So then a Partition there is between Right and Wrong!

Consult a Lawyer and you go to him; a Physician, and he comes to you.

The Law will not take a Man's Word when he defends himself, neither does it force him to accuse himself: All fair & Even.

I am not always bound to do Justice to my Self, tho' I am to my Neighbour.

My Lord Demophilus owes his Draper eight hundred Powndes; the Man in order to get his Money arrests his Lordship. And pray what's the Event? Why truly the poor Man instead of receiving his own, has an Action brought against him for what he has done: in short he is crushed to pieces and all his Family sent a begging. Methinks this is a hard Case: but that impudent Dog! he ought to be shot for touching a *Priviledg'd* Person. It is a great honour for a Tradesman to sell to a Peer of the Realm, but it is *Scandalum Magnatum* to demand Payment.

You have the liberty, perhaps, to trust a Nobleman with Goods or Money, whenever you please; but still remember that a Nobleman is as much at liberty to pay you when he pleases.

When a Nobleman makes use of his *Priviledge;* 'tis pity but it could be said, That it was not always to do an Injury.

The priviledge of Noblemen is the greatest Distinction a Prince can bestow or they can receive. Hereby their Persons are as it were Sacred, not to be touched with the finger of any merciless Creditor.

And yet we find that they either put a small Value on it, when they Scruple not to give it even to the meanest of their Servants; or else that they are very generous and good-natured in making the Servants as Great Men as their Masters.

If Noblemen would but confine their Priviledge to their own Persons, a Tradesman would know what to do: but when they have a power to communicate it to others, a Tradesman must always work in the dark.

It's a glorious fine thing for a Man to have leave given him to be a Rogue. What pains is taken, what Interest made to get a Protection?

Debts are discharg'd as lawfully by a *Protection* as by *Sterling*, & at a much cheaper rate.

To have a Protection, is as much as to say: Now, S^r^, the Laws of the Land have given you full Power, Lycense, & Authority, to cheat y^r^ Creditors & never pay your Debts.

A Man that has a Protection & makes use of it, is always spoken ill off (and deserves it too) by every one else but the Person that gave it him.

Laws however contriv'd for the Benefit of a People, will yet be evermore found to be too Strong for the Weak & too Weak for the Strong.

The Law is necessary—its allow'd. But it has never yet done half so much good, as its Professors have done Mischief.

Law is a useless thing in a Place, where there's peace and good Neighbourhood.

## *Books*

SOMETIMES the best Recommendation of a Book, is to be of Good Paper, to be neatly bound, gilt & Letter'd.

In buying a Book, we care not how large a one we have for our Money; in reading a Book, we care not how soon we come to the end.

Learned Authors like strong Liquors are more valuable for Age.

A good Author has a fine time on't. He must be read by the Ignorant as well as the Learned; and every one that takes a Book in his hand, thinks himself capable of judging of the Work, & generally pronounces it Good or Bad, according as it Suits with his own Taste and Understanding.

To commend a Book in gross, or to dispraise it, comes to the same point. I shall be inclin'd to believe that a Piece pleases him; who, I find, dislikes some Passages in it.

Let an Author be never so good, some will dislike him: And be he never so bad, he will find some Patrons as well as Criticks.

He that's resolv'd never to publish a Book, till he is Sure it will please every Body; is sure never to publish any Book at all.

A Critick, if he can find no Faults in a Book, will certainly make Faults.

A Man of Sense will never put out a Book without consulting some able & faithful Friend. We are all of us naturally fond of the Creatures of our own Understanding, as well as of our Body; & therefore no competent Judges in the Perfection of either.

A Man Seldom repents of keeping out of the Press, he is always finding something or other to mend.

That Author must certainly be a great Man, if a Critick thinks him worth his Cavil.

When we look upon a Building, Picture, Book, or Statue; a Man thinks he shews his Judgment

better by finding out the Faults, than by pointing to the Beauties.

Many have lost their Reputation by appearing in Print; few have got any by it.

An Author's first Appearance in the World is somewhat like Matrimony: he knows not what will be his Success; but good or bad he's wedded to it for Life. In both Cases it often proves the latter.

When an Author puts out a Book, he does it for one of these two ends; for the Good of the Publick or of himself. The former is always pretended, but the latter generally meant.

An Author that puts out a Book by Subscription, is obliged to every Buyer: when the Book is sold at the Shop, the Buyer is obliged to him.

An Author that is not a Fool does the most Good, or the most Harm of any Member in the Common-wealth.

It is better to lend Money than Books: When lent Money is return'd, its as good when it comes

in as when it went out. But he that lends a New-Book always receives an *Old one* back again; i.e. if ever he receives it.

We generally judge of Books by their Authors, not of Authors by their Books. *Pray, Sr, how do you like such a Piece that's lately come out? Have you read it?* Yes I have read it, but who was it wrote by? *By Demas.* By *Demas*, say you? Oh! 'tis scarce worth Reading; he is reckon'd a dull heavy ſtupid Fellow.

Let an Author that has an eſtabliſh'd Character, always put his Name to his Book; it will sell the better: it will sell if it be but indifferent; if it be bad, it will sell. Here we regard nothing but the Author. If a Book comes out Anonymous, it ſtands or Falls by its own Merit; the unknown Author can add nothing to it, be he who or what he will: Here we regard nothing but the Book.

You are puzzled to find out a good Expreſſion for your Thoughts; and yet when you have found out two or three good Expreſſions for the same Thought, you are ſtill more puzzled to know which to choose.

Many Things in Print are false, but there is one Thing will ever hold true; and that is when

the Author calls himself a *Fool* or a *Liar*; which he always does, when he makes you twenty Apologies *for his want of Skill & Abilities in writing that Book.*

A Man must judge of an Author not always by his Thoughts & Opinion, but by his Words, especially if his Words contradict his Thoughts & Opinion. *I am very unfit to undertake this Piece*, crys he, tho' at the same time he looks upon himself to be the most capable Man in the World. Believe what he *says*, & not what he *thinks*, & you'll seldom be out.

How much Bombast & Nonsense do Great Men patronize? When an Author is conscious of his own Weakness & Insufficiency: he has nothing to do but to clap in the Frontispiece (like a *Star* in the Forehead) the Name of some great *Lord* or *Duke*; & then it goes off & all is well.

It is not with Reading of *Letters*, as of other Writings; To begin at the Beginning, & so continue in the Order of Lines as they are penn'd: whereas in reading of Letters, we must begin with the last Word; that is, we must first read the Name of the Person it comes from, if we would read to understand.

The Ancients in writing of their Letters began with the *Name* first, and they did well; because it makes the rest understood. We Moderns, on the contrary, rather than be guilty of imitating them, take up a very preposterous Way, in putting the Name last. But to make amends, what the Ancients did in *Writing* we do in *Reading* a Letter.

There needs no Studying in Writing of Letters; he that penns down his Thoughts as naturally as they would drop from his Mouth, is the best Writer. But when you see a Man put on his Considering Cap, Scratching his Head, and labouring hard and sore in what words to express himself; you must expect nothing from him but *Buckram* & *Fustian*. If it would be of use to Mankind, one might upon the Vacancy of a good fat Living in the Gift of the Crown, make a handsome Collection of this Entertainment out of my L^d^ *Chancellor's* 'Scritore. Large Additions might be had from *Patron's* of Churches & *Governors* of Schools.

A Man is sometimes put harder to it in the *Superscription* of a Letter, than about all the Contents beside.

Books are the food of the Mind, as Meat and Drink are of the Body; take in more than you can

digeſt, & you are ready to throw it up before all Companys. A *Pedant* & an *Epicure* shall make every body Sick that sits near them.

Every Author has his peculiar Style. There's as much difference in *Styles* as in *Faces*. You may meet with an hundred Faces equally pleasing tho' not any two alike: the same will hold in Styles.

Words are to Thoughts, what Cloaths are to the Body: which sh$^{d}$ be neither too little nor too big, too scanty nor too full; if we w$^{d}$ have the Wearer to appear Handsome.

All the Beauties & Blemishes in Writing, as they are observ'd by common Readers, proceed not so much from the Matter as the Style: juſt so, the beſt shap'd Person looks but awkward in Cloaths cut by some Country Taylor, no less than a Well-made Suit Sets off many an indifferent Shape.

A Thought may be deform'd as well as a Body; but then it requires Art to conceal this Deformity under a false Dress, as it requires Art to see thro'

the Cheat. All our Books of *Heresy* & *Schism* which impose so much upon the Understanding of the Vulgar, would make but a Scurvy Figure in their Eyes, without this Contrivance.

An Exuberance or redundancy of Words does but darken our Thoughts & make 'em unintelligible; which seldom happens in Brevity & Conciseness. How many Pages do we daily meet with in Authors w^ch^ might be compriz'd in half a dozen lines & wou'd be thereby both more easy & plain to the understanding as well as more portable to the Memory? You may guess pretty well at the Shape of a Man in a *Close-body'd Coat*, but you must be cunning indeed to find it out in a *Robe de Chambre*.

There may be Several Expressions for the same Thought; as there may be Cloths of different Colours for the Same body: & yet of all these there is one & one only, if we could be so happy to (hit on it) distinguish it, that will become the Complexion of either.

The next pleasure to writing well & justly, is to be able to know when we have writ incorrectly; or query whether the pleasure is not greater.

Never be ashamed to correct or expunge any Faults you have ever committed to Writing: its plain you are wiser to day, than you was yesterday.

Its a more laudable and useful employment to Correct, than to Compose.

## *Knowledge and Learning*

A MAN that has good Learning & boasts of it, is yet so ignorant that he knows not how to counterfeit a Man of Learning.

It is not to understand *Latin* or *Greek* or *Hebrew*, that entitles to the name of a *Learned* Man: No! 'tis to understand & get Knowledge of those subjects which are delivered in these Languages: and he that values himself any farther is a *Pedant*. Languages only open the Door to Arts & Sciences: and nobody sure will say, that the Key which gives you Admittance to the Treasure, is of greater Value than the Treasure it self.

It requires no more than strength of *Memory* to learn the Languages: *Judgment* has nothing to do in the Case.

There is this manifest difference between Knowledge and Wisdom; We learn by the one what we ought to do, by the other we learn to do what we ought.

We need but little Learning in order to be good Men.

A Learned Man is never at rest, he always fancies he wants more knowledge. A Blockhead is easy and satisfied, he thinks he has Learning enough, & never troubles his head any farther.

What a Pedant thinks or says of himself is the true Character of a Man of Learning.

A Coxcomb is a Fool with Affectation; & a Pedant is a Coxcomb with Learning.

A Pedant has his Head so brim full of Words & Syllables that there is no Room for Common Sense.

Knowledge is a thing that lies open & in common: some Men seek after it, & find it, but are able to carry little or none away: others who might carry off great Quantitys, never trouble their heads about it.

Knowledge & Learning is sometimes got into Possession by Men whom Nature never design'd for such Accomplishments, it sits awkwardly about them: they look just like a Taylor tied to a Sword, who knows no other use of it but to hang by his Side. Such are called meer Scholars.

One may see many a poor Fellow whistling after a Gang of Horses that makes a better figure in Life, and is more useful to the common Wealth, than many Scholars a body might name.

Knowledge and Learning are fine accomplishments, but then they ought to be in the keeping of a Man of Sense.

Common Sense is often^r to be seen without Learning, than Learning with Common Sense.

The wisest part of Mankind are the Vulgar, they know just what is necessary for them to know; the rest either know too much or too little.

A Dull heavy Lad with Application & Diligence has a chance of turning out a Cleverer Man, than sometimes a Lad of Bright & quick Parts; for the Objects in the One, tho' few, shall make a deep Impression on the Mind, & consequently last long in the Memory: Whereas in the other, they crowd so fast and thick that they are in one another's way to make any distinct Impression at all, & consequently he must remember all things alike, that is, not any One of them perfectly.

It is an ill-natured Position which has sometimes been maintain'd; That a Man's Knowledge is worth nothing if he communicates what he

knows to another. *Good now*, Madam, *give me your receipt to make an* Almond-Pudding. "Indeed you must excuse me, but I'll come and make it for you my Self with all my heart: my Lady *Charlotte*, who gave it me, had it from the Countess of *Aranda*, never to tell it to any one again, and to everybody else 'tis a Secret: I assure you 'tis the best receipt in the World." And very good Reason; because no body else knows it: if they did, it would not be worth a Straw.

Who is it that says the *Women* are ignorant Creatures? Whereas they are much wiser than the Men: for they know their own Children. A piece of Knowledge a Man would give something to acquire. How many Night's rest has it cost several Great Men to obtain this Science? The Women may sleep and take their rest; they have the Science in perfection.

Who does not envy *Troilus*? He has a handsome Leg and Foot, a fine turn'd hand, pretty shap'd Body, and a Face impossible to be made in a better Mould. He dances incomparably fine; and in Dress is a perfect Master. Every Morning he drinks Tea and Coffee with the Ladys, & every Afternoon he does the same. He makes 'em in love with himself, and in Jealousy with one another; they caress him, admire him,

adore him. I forgot to tell you that *Troilus* has a great Estate dropt to him upon the Removal of a worthy good Man his Relation, who died intestate. How happy must *Troilus* be ? he wants nothing but common Sense.

What is there wanting in a *Rich* Man ; to be a Great Man, a Happy Man ? Tho' he knows but little, and can do just as much ; yet he's believed by the World to be capable of every thing, and he believes it himself.

Gallopino is one of those gentry that instruct the Heels instead of the Head ; a nice Critick in Steps whether *English*, *French* or *Italian*, and is Seldom out in his notions upon Dress. You may know him by this Sign : his Discourse and his Person are evermore introduced with a profound Bow & Reverence & certainly never did anyone talk Nonsense with a better Grace. In short, he's a pretty, genteel, well-behav'd Man, & fit for any Company but *Men*.

An *Ignorant* Man that is not sensible of his Ignorance is perhaps one of the happiest Men in the World. The same may be said of all *Coxcombs*, *Madmen*, & *Fools*.

A Man who has great Merit & knows it, is often proud when he is neglected : but when he

has once obtain'd what he thinks he deserves, nothing is more easy, more humble, and better natured.

We seldom know our Selves, but are pretty well known to others.

A Man that has a little Learning, has just Learning enough to think that he has all the Learning that can be had.

Those who think too little cannot come to the Knowledge of Things, those who think too much are perplext & confounded. We are all Ignorant Creatures.

The Body is better able to undergo Labour than the Mind: hence it is we have a hundred Artificers & Mechanicks for one Philosopher or Mathematician.

The Labour of the Body contributes very much to the health both of the Mind & the Body: whereas the Labour of the Mind is often the ruin of Both.

Wit owes its Character to Nature & not to Art. Every body knows it, every body acknowledges it at first hearing from the *Pit* to the *Gallery*:

Education & Learning can never bestow Wit, they can only set it off & produce it upon proper Occasions. In a word, it is in every body's head if they could but speak it; or, if you will, every body cou'd speak it, if it did but come into their Head.

Of all the Affronts given to Man, That to his Understanding is the least tolerable; His Heart claims the next Place; his Person & Fortune the last. The Name of Beggar, Crook-back'd, Bandy-leg'd, Crump-shoulder'd (as bad as they are) is scarce worth Notice: That of Rogue, Rascal, Villain &c may be made up; But call a Man a Fool or a Blockhead, and he'll never forgive you.

Whether Learning has made more *Proud* Men or *Good* Men, may be a Question.

It requires Learning, or Good Sense or Company, (but most commonly all these together) to know the World. The Good Man has nothing to do with the World: he many times does not know the World; but he is Good.

The greatest Knowledge in the World is to know *thy Self*; and he was deservedly reckoned in the Number of *Wise Men*, that told us so. Other

Sciences serve only to indulge our Pride & Vanity, which are beneath the Dignity of Man.

The knowledge of a Man's self will shew him his own Weakness, that there are a great many things which he does not know, and never will know.

## *Virtue*

VIRTUES and Vices are of a strange Nature; for the more we have, the fewer we think we have.

Take care of what Company you keep, for Virtues & Vices are as catching as Diseases.

To Confess and acknowledge a Fault, is the next thing as to have not committed it.

Never speak of your Virtues, your Vices you may; Confession is what lessens both.

There is a difference in not being wicked and being Virtuous.

A Man may be punished by the Laws for being Wicked; but he never is for not being Virtuous. Virtue must be voluntary; it loses its Name when its forced.

All Virtues are not Virtues to all Men. To abstain from Wine & Women may be called

Temperance & Chastity in a Healthful Young Man; but in old Age it has a different Signification.

To the Man who aims only at the good Opinion of the World, its altogether indifferent what his Thoughts & Actions are in private; whether Good or Bad: But he, who is virtuous, *alone* & by himself, is never concerned, let the World say or think of him, what they will.

One Man by doing an Action may Transgress and another by doing the same Action may be innocent. *Philander* takes his two or three Bottles before he goes to bed; & it preserves his Health: without it he would be *Moapt* & *Hipt* and not fit for Conversation. But *Pamphilus* has quite lost his Stomach, he lives too fast, & if he has not care, will drop into a Consumption: yet he never exceeds 2 Pints: In short *Pamphilus* is drunk every night, and *Philander* always sober.

Every Man has in himself Virtues & Vices enow to make a Good or a Wicked Man & so they are called according to the Light in which we view them. The Friend and the Enemy give 'em their Names.

Virtue to the Mind is like Physick to the Body : not always the most pleasant, but necessary to be taken, if we w^d^ be well.

Our Virtues & Vices proceed not from the Qualitys of the Head but from those of the Heart : The former may make us Learned & Wise, but they are the latter must make us Good or Bad.

That which is in every man's power to have, & costs him the least money (or rather none at all) to have and which is of the greatest use to him when he has it ; Is a Thing that is most rarely to be met with ; and that is Virtue.

Virtue is a Man's own proper Goods and Chattles ; is what cannot be given to or taken away by another.

Virtue, among other definitions may be thus defin'd : An Action against the Will.

All Virtues are not to be practised by all Men ; some belong to one character, others to another.

We ought not to value our Selves for the practice of Virtues, but Such only as respect our Station

or Calling. Should a Man who has nothing more than what will barely keep himself & Family, pretend to be Liberal; or Should He, who flows in Wealth & Riches, Set up for a Frugal Man; they would both be in the Wrong. This is to neglect our own Virtues and practice those of others.

He who would be perfect in the Virtues of his own Station or Calling, will have no time left to practise those of others.

It is not possible for every one to have Virtues of the Same character; yet 'tis possible for every one to be equally virtuous.

The greatest Virtues are those which are hidden, for which a Man values himself within his own Breast, not those which the World sees & applauds him for.

It is oftener thro' Weakness than Inclination or Design, that we commit a great many of our Faults.

Old Age needs not claim so much the Priviledge of being Wise & Good: for its Indolence &

Stupidity hinders as much from performing Virtuous Actions, as the Heat & Extravagance of Youth.

When we talk of a Man's Virtues or Merit; we often mean nothing else but his Office or Fortune.

He is the good & Virtuous Man who forsakes his Vices, not He whom his Vices forsake.

Virtue & Vice are not always considered what they really are; but according to the Persons that are possessed of them. Whereas they ought to give the Character of the Man, the Man most commonly gives the Character of them. A Poor honest Fellow shall not be regarded by us in the least: let there but pass by a Rich Honourable Personage who has oppress'd his Neighbours for ten Miles round, & what a World of Bows & Cringes will be made him. *Right* & *Wrong* are not concern'd in this: No! 'Tis *Riches* & *Poverty* make us Good or Bad.

There are few Virtues belong to a *Poor Man*, but what the Rich are oblig'd to practise: but there are abundance belong to the *Rich*, which don't

at all concern the Poor. The Poor Man has the same Power, but less Trouble, to be equally Virtuous.

We seldom recount the Virtues of another, because we apprehend it makes us appear less: Mankind in general being more addicted to Vices than Virtues; and we have no reason to think that we shall be excepted out of the common Rule.

If a Man be too low to have his Virtues remark'd, let him for his Satisfaction remember he is not high enough to be remark'd for his Vices. You must stand on an *Eminence* to be thought worthy either of *Applause* or *Censure*.

Virtue is its own Reward: its scarce a Virtue to be Virtuous, there's so much got by it.

Self-Interest is odious: & yet when we see a Man of Virtue & Religion, we see the most self-interested Man in the World.

The Companion to Virtue is Praise; Virtue would scarce be made welcome any where, if she parted with her Companion.

You would be thought to love Virtue which you do not, but you covet the Esteem & Applause of Virtue, which you would be thought to hate.

Virtue despises Vice, but Vice has the Laugh of her Side.

The older a Man grows, the stronger are his Follies, and the weaker his Virtues.

Were we but half so much afraid of Sin, as we are of Death; there w$^{d}$ be but little Work to do for the Lawyer, Physician & Divine.

There is but a thin Partition between Virtue & Vice, w$^{ch}$ makes it difficult sometimes to know the one from the other; & generally we are so partial as to judge of our Selves on the more favourable Side, of our Neighbour on the worse. What Covetuous Man is there in the World that will not call his Vice by the Name of Frugality, Prudence & good Economy? And where again do we see a Frugal, Prudent good Husband, & do not at first sight pronounce him Covetuous?

Shame will do the work even of Virtue it self: the reason why there is not more Vice committed

than we see there is, is more owing to the Shame than the Malignity of it.

Vice prevails against Virtue; by how much the Temptations are more w^ch^ attack a Man, than he has Arguments to withstand.

There are some Virtues which cease to be Virtues, when others know them.

Fortune oftentimes makes use of our Virtues to keep us low & under: how many Men at this time, in all Professions, who have ample & great Estates, must have liv'd in Poverty all their lives, if they had kept up to the strict rules of Honour & Justice?

Interest, or Pleasure, or Vain-glory, has sometimes a greater share in the performance of our Good & Bad Actions, than any Love of Virtue & Vice.

He that laughs at Mischief done, only wanted an Opportunity to have done it himself.

Temptations magnify Virtues, but lessen Vices.

All women are good & Virtuous that keep from one Vice: *Melania* thinks that there is no Vice

but one, that one Vice is all ; and this Opinion she confirms by her Practice, for she is guilty of all others.

Julia is of the same Opinion & Practices evermore railing against the Men for deluding poor women as they do. Oh ! *'tis scandalous, not fit to be named.* But *Julia* may thank the Men that she's so Virtuous.

## *Religion*

IN Christianity some things are above our Reason, many Things are agreeable to Reason, but none are contrary to Reason.

Religion has more to do with the Heart than the Head : it rather teaches us to be Good, by directing our Wills and Affections ; than to be Learned by enlarging our Capacity & Understanding.

The more Learning & brighter Parts a Man has, the more fit he is for Human Conversation : but its directing our Wills to the Laws of Religion, makes us Good Men : & that we know is in the power of the Illiterate as well as the Learned.

Religion is grounded upon *Faith* not upon *Knowledge ;* if all its Mysteries were laid open & naked to our Understanding, they would be Self-evident Truths ; & then where would be the Virtue of Religion in knowing what we could not help but know ? No body would then want Religion but those who wanted Reason & Under-

ſtanding, as Fools and Madmen; & Such could never be answerable for the want of it.

To have Faith without Reason, or Reason without Faith, will not do in matters of Religion. This makes the *Atheiſt*, That the *Superſtitious* or Enthusiaſt.

Religion is a better Friend to the State, than the State is to Religion. There is no Article of the State but Religion intereſts her self in the Sanction of it. All its Laws she confirms & eſtablishes; annexes greater Penalties & Rewards to the Breach or Performance of them than even the State her self does; in short, she teaches the Prince how to command and the Subject how to obey. But, on the contrary, what Aſſiſtance does the State give to Religion? Why truly 'tis all one to her whether the Laws of Religion be obey'd or not, unless they be Such indeed as regard her own welfare. Those Virtues and Vices which are the particular concern of Religion (such as *Love* & *Hatred*, *Truth* & *Lying*, *Charity* & *Covetuousness*, *Temperance* & *Prodigality*) she neither enjoyns or forbids, rewards or punishes: Let Religion take cognizance of 'em her Self, neither King nor Subject will. However Religion has this Comfort; she can subſiſt on her Self without the State, but so cannot the State without Religion.

The Great ones are well enough content, that the Vulgar should have the same Religion & the same God, but they will not bear an Equality in other things.

We had first the Law of *Nature*, then the Law of *Moses*, and after that the Law of *Christ*. This last is the Fulfilling of the One, & the Refinement of the Other, and consequently the *Perfection* of Both.

He that goes to Westminster Abbey in the morning & Salter's Hall in the Afternoon is like a Man that rides between two Market Towns at Dinner time. The one bids as fair for Religion as the other does for a Dinner.

A Saint and a Libertine are both governed by the very same Principle, and that is Pleasure or Happiness; with this difference only, that the one chuses to have a small part of it in present Possession, the other to have the whole Fee-Simple in Reversion.

The Religious Man has the greatest title of any one in the World to Mirth & Chearfulness, because the God Whom he worships is a God of Mercy &

Goodness. But Religion becomes a Melancholy thing when People are frighted into their Duty; when a Congregation is taught to worship God (as the Pagans in India do the D——l) for fear he should hurt them.

When a Parson is always thundring out Hell and Damnation from the Pulpit, he reflects mightily either upon himself or the Congregation: for it looks as if they were either ill taught, or that the Congregation were a parcel of sad Folks.

There's no other Way of worshipping God but thro' Hope or Fear, but there is this remarkable difference between them; the One rejoyces that there is a God, the other wishes there were none.

Hypocrisy makes a Man seem to be That without, which he ought to be within.

An Hypocrite is an Affected Man with the advantage of Religion on his Side: join Religion to Affectation and it is Hypocrisy.

Hypocrisy has all the Marks of true Religion, but the Reality.

An Hypocrite is a Cheat in Religion, and a Cheat is an Hypocrite in Business: their End & design is different, but the Means w^ch^ they use to compass their End & Design, is the Same in Both.

*Aurelius* keeps *Lent* mortifies & smoaks no Tobacco: He does well. When Lent is over, *Aurelius* has an aversion to Tobacco, the Smoak gets down his Throat, choaks him & makes him Sick. Lent comes again: Aurelius keeps it, mortifies & Smoaks Tobacco. *Aurelius* does well.

It is not more easy to commit Sin, than its difficult to Reform when once a Man has got a Habit of Sinning.

The Law enjoyns that both our Words and Actions be good: Religion does the Same with this Addition, that our Thoughts be good likewise.

Precedence in this World is settled according to Power or Birth or Office, or Riches, which are only in the hands of few: in the next, according to Virtue & Goodness & Religion, which every man may possess.

Goodness alone will carry a Man to Heaven, but Seldom thro' the World; and Learning alone is of no Service to him for either: But the Gentleman join'd to these two will make a Man happy both Here & Hereafter.

## *Offices*

PREFERMENT is got two ways: by being known & by not being known: and by the same two ways Preferment is lost.

To be able to say *Ay* and *No* at proper times & Seasons is judg'd Qualification enough for some Offices you might easily name.

Well! I own you are a fine Man, a great Man, of Learning & Sense: give me but your Living of 500 a year & I'll excuse you of all these Characters.

It is not so great a wonder that Blockheads are advanc'd, as that Men should think 'em to have more Sense when they are advanc'd.

Let a Man have never so much Merit, he cannot come into a good office without the Misfortune of another; either *Death* or *Expulsion*.

The Merit of all Great Men whether in *Church* or *State*, is having more Interest than their Neigh-

bours : in all other Offices and Poſts, where great Pains are required & no Money got, he that has leaſt intereſt is the moſt deserving.

Assurances and Impudence have preferr'd more Persons than all the Learning in the Universe.

Knowledge, Sense, Honeſty, Learning, Good Behaviour, are the chief Things towards making a Man's Fortune next to Intereſt and Opportunity.

If a Man has forgot his Faults or Miſtakes in Life, let him ſtand Candidate for an Office.

A Man needs but ſtand Candidate for Member of Parliament ; and he shall hear of all the false ſteps he has made since he was twelve years Old.

A Man appears much better to the World, when he does Honour to the Place he is in, than when the Place does Honour to him : but he appears much worse to himself.

It is necessary sometimes a Man should have ill Qualities to get into Preferment. *Orbilius* has a poor School of about twenty Marks a Year : His Neighbours all join in a Recommendation of him to a Place, a good diſtance off, worth Fourscore. But Thanks to his *Severity* for that : In short he is

elected. Had *Orbilius* been a good natured Man, & known how to govern his Passion, he might have staid till he wanted a Morsel of Bread, before they would have spoken one Word for him.

Respect is paid to the Post not to the Person. What a great Mortification must it be to a Man in a high Office, who has any Reflection at all, to think that those very Men who now caress and adore him, shall neglect and despise him, the Moment he's turned out.

*Ariston* has two different Characters in the narrow Compass of two days ; and yet *Ariston* has neither more nor less Sense, neither more nor less Honesty. Yesterday *Ariston* was a Minister of State, to day he has resigned.

A Prime Minister of State is no sooner warm in his Post but some potent Rival or other will be attacking him ; call him an unjust corrupt Minister, an Enemy to his Country, that will Sacrifice all that is good & Sacred to his own private Interests, and perhaps he says true. At last he worms him out, & gets himself in. And what's the Event ? It is his Turn now to be a Rogue.

The last thing I would desire of a Minister of State, whom I propos'd to do me a Service a Month

to come, is to find him easy of Access, affable, good natured and endowed with all those Qualifications that one Friend ought to have for another. I'm sure he will not be a Minister of State a Month to come.

A Minister of State as he is most able to do a Service, so above all Persons whatsoever, he should be most willing to do it, because he stands so often in need of it himself.

That Minister of State, if any such there be, who dares be so bold to grant a Favour without Bribe or Delay; has but one Greater Man in the World than himself; and that is he who will condescend to the lowest offices of human Life rather than be put to pain and necessity of asking a Favour.

The meanest of all human Actions is to ask a Favour. For what is it else to ask a Favour, but to commence Beggar? One Man begs for a Vicaridge, another for a Prebend, a third for a Deanery or Bishoprick, a fourth for a Place at Court. But the most reputable of Beggars is he that begs for a Crust of Bread because he cannot help it.

A Great Man makes his Dependants happy at a very little charge. He gives them Hopes.

It is equally weak in a Man to think worse of himself for being in a small Post or Office, as to think better of himself for being in a great one.

One of the surest ways to get the Interest of another for a good Post is to be deeply in their debt; nothing can withstand Self-Interest.

*The Little Dogs start the Hare & the great Ones catch it:* is found true in most Offices & Employments of Human Life.

The readiest way to come at some things is to despise them: Mankind takes a Secret pride in humbling those who desire to be advanc'd.

The most useful person in the common-wealth is the School-Master: yet of all Professions is the most expos'd to Ridicule, even by those who receive the greatest Benefit thereby.

## *Greatness*

THO' fine Cloaths give a Man a good Assurance, it requires a good Assurance to become fine Cloaths.

We ought not to look upon the Beaſts of the Field as Animals so much below us, since to them is owing moſt of the Grandeur on which we value our Selves. Let a Man say what he thinks of himself at the time he wears a Sleek-Beaver, Super-fine Cloath Coat, Silk Waſtcoat & Stockings, or a pair of Red-heel'd Shoes. But He needs not tell us: his Countenance, his Gate, the Tone of his Voice, plainly declare what he thinks; viz That he is a very Great Man.

A Man is oftentimes more obliged to his fine Cloaths for the Reſpect & Compliments that are paid him, than to his own Person. The Reason surely is, because fine Cloaths are oftentimes of more Value than the Wearer.

Honours and Degrees signify thus much. They do not make a Man a better Man, but they make

the World believe he's a better Man. Nor is the Cheat put upon others only, but too often upon a Man's Self.

To a Man who firmly believes on Eternity, & consequently must count this Life no more than one Point of a Line extended to ten Millions of millions of Feet; or, if we go farther & say a Line whose Length all Numbers put together are not able to express, nor the Mind of Man can conceive: to such a One, all Titles, Pomp & Grandeur must appear trifling, insignificant, Nothing.

Riches or Family or Power constitute & make a Great Man in the Opinion of the World; which Great Man has really but one Man Greater than Himself; and that is He who thinks there is no Greatness at all in Riches, Family or Power.

The Possession and the Want of Honours are oftentimes equally dangerous to a Man. For the one makes us Proud, the other envious.

The *Nobles* and the *Commons* are equally disgusted when Men are advanced to Honours; because they rise above the one, and are made equal to the other.

Nothing contributes more to the making a Man a Fool, that had tolerable good Sense before, than to advance him all on a Sudden to Riches and Honour. Patrons of fat Livings, Ministers of State, Kings and Princes, have a great Share in this Creation.

It is better for a Great Man to have few Dependants than many: for if his Power or Will be not extensive enough to answer all their Demands, the Neglected will evermore rail against him.

Mankind takes a pleasure in seeing or relating the Weaknesses of a Great Man, rather than his Perfections: because when we cannot arrive to their Greatness, we would willingly bring 'em down to our own Level.

The Actions of a Great Man know no Original but themselves; for he hates Imitation as too Servile: yet their Offspring is pretty Numerous, which are the Actions of the Vulgar, who are always proud to imitate the Great.

The Man of Honour stands in need of the Vulgar to make him Rich and Honourable. For these Advantages w$^{d}$ cease to be Advantages without Comparison: But the truly Great Man

is Great by himself, either in Solitude or in Publick Life.

Here lyeth the Body of the most noble *Don Altiero*, descended from the ancient & illustrious Family of the *Altiero's*: A Man of fine Parts & Learning. He was a great Politician, a Nice Critick in Poetry, Musick & Painting, & no less skild in all the foreign Languages. He had fought many Battles both by Sea and Land, and always came off Conqueror. Dyes in a good old Age, *Gloriæ et Annorum Satur.* But was he a good Man? Oh no!

Those things w^ch^ make the difference between Man & Man appear but little & despicable in the Eyes of the Wise-Man or the Philosopher: Those w^ch^ are common to every body alike, are the only things which by them are esteemed valuable & Worth having.

An Argument that Virtue & good Sense are the greatest Qualifications of Mankind, is, that when we are arrived to the top of Riches & Honour, we still think our selves very much wanting, unless we have likewise these Qualifications, or at least the Appearance of them. But the Man of Virtue & good Sense thinks it no Addition to his Merit, to have either Riches or Honour.

If a Man has but great Honours or a great Estate, 'tis Scarce in any ordinary Man's power to disbelieve him in what he says, Right or Wrong.

Magnanimity or true Greatness is not a private Virtue, appropriated to one Set of Men & no more: It is a publick one, the chief Excellency & Perfection of Every Man from the *Highest* to the *Lowest*. This Virtue is the Great Boundary or Partition fixt between these two opposite Partys, to keep 'em peaceable & in good Order; by stopping the Pride & Oppression of the One Side, & the Envy and Detraction of the other.

There are some Titles justly belonging to a Man, which he may sometimes justly take an Affront to be called by: because the World is so ill natured or so bad Judges as to affix to the Title quite different Ideas than what the Title signifys.

Titles and Honours owe all their Excellency to being kept in a few hands; Make 'em comon, & you destroy them. They are like strong Liquors; if you give too much vent, the Spirits fly off & the rest is good for nothing: or rather you may compare 'em to a Fountain, whose Stream is imperceptable, if it be divided into many Channels. Every new Advancement brings down a Step lower the Power & Dignity of those who were

rais'd before; which only waits for the next Advancement to be serv'd it self in like manner. This however may be necessary in Monarchies; for hereby the King is more King & the Subjects more Subject.

All Distinctions are nothing but Shew & Outside and Appearance: The Man is the same. Riches, Splendor, Magnificence, Authority, make that Composition you call a Great Man: Poverty, Subjection, Dependance, Obscurity make the Vulgar. Let the Great Man & the Vulgar interchange these Circumstances, they Change only the Name, not the Person. A Watch is a Watch whether it has a Gold or Brass Case; the Movements are of the Same Metal in Both.

Great Familys in England bear date from William the Conqueror: the rest from Adam & Eve.

# *Folly*

A WISE Man laughs at a Fool; a Fool does the same by a Wise Man: both are equally diverted.

There is no Crime in being a Fool, but none of us can endure the Name.

No one perhaps is less a Fool, than he that can make others believe he really is a Fool. To put on the Appearance of Wisdom is every Fool's Task.

Merry Andrew plays his tricks and endeavours to pass for a Fool, the Country People stand gaping and laughing at him: but 'tis soon known which are the greater Fools.

It is a plain indication That Man is no Fool, who is sensible of his own Folly.

Man always thinks himself to have less Folly and more Wisdom, than he really has.

It is some comfort and satisfaction to a Fool, that he believes he has himself as much sense and Understanding as the Wisest of Men: else one cannot think how he c^d endure to live.

There are some things we are very loth to do but before Witnesses; and those are our good Works; and there are some things again, we would not have known, but Seldom do without Witnesses; and those are our Follies.

A Fool is ever constant & steady in all his Pursuits & Actions; because he thinks it a point of Honour to persist in his Error. A Wise Man is ever wavering and unfixt; because when he has committed a false Step, which it is impossible for the best of Men to avoid, he will recover from it as fast as he can.

Nature provides for all States and Conditions. Disappointments and Sorrow seem to be made only for the Wise and the Learned, to keep 'em from being Proud: but Children and Fools they don't touch in the least; so that these are happy enough in their Ignorance.

Every Man has his Follies and Weaknesses, & much what alike: only that some Wear them in Sight, & others out of Sight.

Of all Follies, there are none so ridiculous as those of a Man of Sense.

There are Fools and there are those that laugh at them, who are the greater Fools.

Learning is equally thrown away upon the Fool, the Blockhead, & the Coxcomb : the one has not a Capacity to take it, the other is never the better for it, & the last by much the worse.

A Man may honestly laugh at Absurdity or Wit.

A Fool is of Nature's making, a Coxcomb of his own ; as for Blockheads, they are made by their Fathers & Mothers, or their Nurses, or the Clime they live in, or the Company they Fall into.

A Blockhead has too much in him to be a Fool, & too little to be a Coxcomb.

We take our Notions of the Wisdom & Folly of others, by their distance from and nearness to, our own Understanding.

## *Pride*

PRIDE is a Vice, and yet the greatest degree of it is often join'd with the practice of the greatest Virtues.

Its a thousand pitys, that Pride should be a Vice ; for it loves always to keep Company with Virtues, or the Appearance of it.

Were it not for Virtue, Pride would Scarce have a Being : We are seldom proud of our Vices, unless we be very wicked indeed.

For a Man to be proud of his good Qualitys is to lessen, if not quite to extinguish them. A Man may be proud of his Fortune & his Fortune still be the same.

There's a Person of Quality dresses like an Ordinary Man, no better than his Servants. You think he is Humble. He perhaps has more Pride in being known in that Dress, for what he really is ; than an Ordinary Man, who dresses like a

Person of Quality, has in passing for what he is not.

No body hates a Proud Man more than a Proud Man.

'Tis a dangerous thing to be Witness to the Crimes of a Proud Man. While he thinks you have a hole in his Coat, he'll leave no Stone unturn'd till he has got one in yours: & then he'll shake hands, but not before.

A Man is equally proud in Prosperity & Adversity; when he does what he can to conceal the one & make the other known.

There is a Pride of Cloaths, & a Pride of Understanding: the *Beau* & the *Critick* make up these two Characters.

There is a Pride in giving & a Pride in not receiving.

It is to be feared there is oftentimes more of Vanity in Giving, than intention of doing good to the Receiver.

A Proud Man should of all Sorts of People forbear to do an Injury; because he hates to ask Pardon.

Pride is nothing else but a too mean Opinion we conceive of the Excellencys of another, & too great a one of our own.

Beauty ought to be the last thing to make a Woman proud; because it has no being but in the Eyes of another.

Merit without honour or fortune is apt to make a Man proud, the same will honour or fortune do without Merit.

Merit unregarded is a very troublesome thing both to it Self & others.

Where is the difference betwixt Pride & Vanity? Perhaps they are only 2 Words for the same thing; or it may be that Pride can be content with Staying at home, & that the other loves to be gadding & going abroad. Or in other Words, That the Proud Man can wrap himself up within himself,

never minding what the World says or thinks of him : but the other is never easy unless the World have the same Opinion of him, w$^{ch}$ he c$^{d}$ wish they had ; and w$^{ch}$ perhaps he does not think he deserves him self.

## *Covetuousness*

A COVETUOUS Man is desirous of the longeſt Life, tho' he's afraid he ſhall want Bread before he dies.

You have ſeen a Pack Horſe go thro' thick and thin; in all Weathers, Hail, Rain & Snow; he carries indeed things of Value, but is not a pin better for 'em himſelf. The Picture of a Covetuous Man.

They tell us there is an Ingredient of Self-Love more or leſs in all our Purſuits & Actions. Yet methinks the Covetuous Man is a ſtanding Exception to this Rule: for pray what Self-Love there can be, when a Man ſtarves himſelf for the Benefit of thoſe that wiſh his death.

The Covetuous act moſt agreeably to Nature; for they keep that Money ſafe lock't up in their Cheſts, & Coffers, which Nature design'd to lie hid in the Earth.

To have Abundance, & to have but little, causeth one & the Self same Inconvenience, which is a Desire of more.

The Public suffer equally from the Miser and the Epicure : The one Spends all upon himself, and the other spends nothing on any body.

A Covetuous Man is rich to his Heirs, but poor to Himself.

*Demes* was very rich, but so covetuous withal that he durſt not marry for fear of the Charge of Children. A hard Case ! but was it not much harder that he was forced to die & leave what he had to Strangers ? the Children of others ?

If a Covetuous Man could but take his Pelf along with him into another World ; nothing would be wanting to compleat his Happiness in This, such as it is.

The Labour of a Covetuous Man is without End, and the Fruits of his Labour are without Use.

To have a great Eſtate and a Covetuous Temper, muſt certainly be a moſt miserable Con-

dition to a Man's Self, & a most odious one to others.

A Covetuous Man has the greatest Power, but the least Inclination to come to the End, which all Men aim at which is Happiness: for he is in full Possession of the Means to do Good both to Himself & others.

What use is Money, but to buy all the Necessaries of Life? A Great Soul Scorns to gaze upon it either in its Person, or its Representative, a Piece of Paper.

The Poor Man is poor without Riches, the Covetuous Man is poor with Riches. Both are equally poor; only that the one cannot help it, the other will not.

The more a Covetuous Man has the more he desires; and the more a Man desires, the poorer he is. Poverty is nothing else but a desire of having more.

A Covetuous Man cannot be Honest: for he'll pay no body their due, if he can help it; & will get more than his own due if it be in his power.

Many Men live and die in other people's Debts: but the Covetuous Man lives & dies a Debtor even to himself.

No body loves a Covetuous Man: He that loves him the leaſt, is himself.

The desire of another Man's Property being so deeply rooted in the Heart of a Covetuous Man; and it being so easy to *Rob* & *Steal*: 'Tis wonder any of them die a natural Death.

Covetuous Men are Cowards. No body cou'd call a Penny his own; if their Hearts had but the Courage to execute what their Heads would contrive.

A Man may without Riches be either Charitable or Covetuous, even to a degree of Excess: but then no body is the better or worse for it but themselves.

Covetuousness in middle Circumſtances lies pretty safe & Secure, is unobserv'd. Riches Serve only to expose it.

There are few or no Vices a Covetuous Man will

boggle at except Whoring: nor this Neither if he c^d^ be assured that his Children w^d^ Sit by other Folks Fire Side.

Covetuous Men are emphatically called *Misers:* they have engross'd the Appellation entirely to themselves. Name but the word *Miser*, and you except all Mankind but the Covetuous Man. For what Misery can be like the Misery of him, who is constantly upon the Rack; has it in his Power to be relieved & Will not?

Every body knew or has heard of old *Harpagon:* being observ'd not to stir out for four or five days, his Neighbours came, broke the Door open & saw him hanging. The Lord of the Mannor has seized his Estate both Real & Personal. They have taken an Inventory of his House-Furniture w^ch^ consists of, Imprimis, Above stairs, One Pair of old rotten Bed-stocks without Curtains or Hangings worth about 4d. Item a Sack stuff'd with Chaff with 2 tattered Blankets & no Sheet: *item*, a strong double Chest, the Lock wrenched off, & nothing in it. *Item*, Below Stairs, one Cupboard fastned in the Wall w^ch^ serv'd him for both instead of Buttery & Cellar; wherein were found 2 Bottles of Sour Drink, ½ pound of Bacon, a Quarter of Potatoes, 1 Peck of Meal, a Cantel of Cheese &

3 Mouldy Crusts. Item 2 Blocks on each Side the Fire-Place without a Grate, and an old Gun over the Mantle Tree to shoot Thieves: item 4 wooden Spoons, 3 Noggins, a dozen of Trenchers, wanting 2, One Knife (he us'd no Fork) a Pot & a Bowl both Crackt, 1 farthing Candle stuck in Clay, 5 short Pipes, with a Box full of Turf-Crap which he call'd Tobacco.

There certainly was not his Fellow in the Parish for Riches & Covetuousness: for he had the Lord knows what coming in yearly & would never eat & drink till he was ready to starve, & it run him to the very Soul when he did so because he must pay for it, which he always thought too much. *Harpagon* w^d^ be ever finding fault with God's Way of making Man. Oh! what cheap Living it w^d^ be, if there were neither Backs nor Bellys! had he been entrusted with the Work he would have left out those two Chargeable Members. He was never known to *Give* in the whole course of his Life; he hated *Giving* worse than a Toad: nay he had conceiv'd so mortal an Aversion even to the very Word *Giving*, that being about to make his Will wherein he design'd to leave himself sole Heir & Executor; when he came to *I give & bequeath*, he made a full Stop & w^d^ no farther: in short, he c^d^ not find in his heart to say *Grace*, because it look't so like Giving to *Thank God*.— Hold! I must ask M^r^ *Harpagon's* Pardon; for

he did thank God every Morning & Night that No body had ever got by him; which was the only time he mention'd the name of his Creator, except in *Oaths*, *Curses* & *Imprecations*, and these he always bestow'd *gratis*. There goes a Story of him, that coming from Market one day, where he had bought a Bladder, a Lock & a Key; he found himself a *Penny* short in making up his Accounts. What he had done with this Penny, he c^d^ not tell: the Bladder cost him so much, the Lock & Key so much; but still the Penny was wanting. Poor Creature! in what a Condition he was! it would have grieved your heart to have seen him. While he was in this Agony, comes by a Neighbour of his who prov'd to have a Better Memory, & told him he had spent it in a Cake. *Ay! in a Cake, 'tis true, the D——l choak me.* Not that he was an Enemy to good Meat & Drink, when he c^d^ have 'em for nothing: for he never fail'd to make a Party at all Christnings, Publick Feasts & Treats; & when any of these happen'd, he w^d^ be sure to fast three days before & three days after, which made a Week clear gain. *Harpagon* never wore a Lining to his Breeches, nor Sleeves to his Wastcoat, because they are never seen, nor Feet to his Stockings for the same reason: & he w^d^ not for the World have a Brush come upon his Cloaths, because its apt to fret the Stiches & Threads, besides that Dust will make the Cloth both thicker

& ſtronger. His beard was never shav'd, he clip't it, & that very often too; because he thought he cheated the Barber of a half-penny every time he did so: it took him in the head once to keep it on for Six Months together, proposing to himself to make a good hand on't by Selling it some young Spark for the Top of a Wigg. He carefully preserv'd the Pairings of his Nails, w^ch^ he kept in a Box he had for that purpose: it was a wonder to him how People c^d^ be so extravagant as to throw 'em away, when he c^d^ make it appear that they were better than Crow-Quills by far for *Virginal-Jacks*, & ought to take a greater Price. Every Night he went to bed, off came his Shirt that it might laſt the longer, which he had not wash'd above twice a Quarter because it w^d^ wear it & Soap is dear. You muſt know his House was not swept from one Years end to another to save Besoms: he had a Besom indeed, but that was to clean the ſtreets which he was always ready to do, provided he might take the Muck to his own Backside. Borrow a Spoon, or a Pot, or a Ladle of this old Hunks; & they were either loſt, or stol'n or in Uses or broke: beg a little Water of him & he w^d^ say the Pump was dry; a little Fire, & it was gone out: the truth on't is, he kept no Fire because he muſt lose the Smoak. He had evermore his Eyes about him, for if he Spied but a Pin or a bit of Glass on the ground, or a Nail, they never escap'd his

Fingers, & he thought it a Treasure if he found a Horse-Shoe. One Rule he constantly observ'd; that whenever he receiv'd a Letter, he wrote the Answer on the back Side to save Paper, & he w^d^ not make a dot over an i to save Ink; and always told the *Bearer* he must be paid by him that sent him, except he sent him himself. As for his Religion, it was *Any* or *None:* he sometimes went to Church because it was the Custom of the Place; & he seldom went there because he must put on his best Cloaths; (his best Cloaths! he had no best Cloaths) and he durst not kneel when he was there for fear of rubbing his Breeches Knees. Once upon a time *Harpagon* fell Sick, and was terribly afraid his Gold & He must part. What must be done? he prevails upon himself at last to send for the Pothecary; the Pothecary comes & brings him something in a Porringer: he takes it in his hand, looks at it, locks it up. A few days after, he recovers, & in great joy runs with it back to him as hard as he c^d^ drive: begs of him, prays him for God's sake to take it again, for he was got better & really upon his Word he had not touched one Spoonful. It was nothing but *Water-Gruel.* When *Harpagon* was in the heat of his Youth, he had a hankering towards a female in their Neighbourhood: he courts her, & w^d^ have no *Nay:* nothing w^d.^ serve him but they must be married out of hand, next Morning at farthest.

Its agreed on. Our Amorous Spark no sooner comes home & is sat down, but he falls to considering about the matter: *To be married, & to a Young Wench, & to morrow!* Sbuddikins! that will never do: Wedding is a plaguy chargeable thing since this getting of Children came into Fashion.

To proceed; This *Miserable Wretch* kept no Servant in his house, & indeed no Servant w^d^ live with him; he was his own Servant, his own Slave; but not his own Master: No! that Prerogative belong'd to his Baggs which were many, & to which he paid a constant Attendance; & for which he really had, contrary to the practice of most other Servants, a Sincere Love & Affection. His Employment in the day time was either to sit brooding over his Money, or sorting it, or putting it all in one heap; and if any Pieces came in his Way that were heavier than ordinary, he w^d^ be sure to melt down & Sell 'em by Weight: his Night-Employ was either to dream of this Money or lie waking for fear he should be robb'd: A Rat or a Mouse running over the Chamber Floor w^d^ throw him into an Ague. Well! but *Harpagon* was not half so Covetuous, youll say, as he might have been: because no body ever knew him to put one Single Farthing to Interest. Very true! but why was that? Interest w^d^ have pleased him to his heart's content, but no Security w^d^ but his

own Chest. To finish his Character: A Bag happen'd once to be mislaid, which he no sooner mist, but strait he went raving mad to the next shop, asks for a penny Cord, (for hang himself he would:) A Cord was shewn him, but as ill Luck w^d have it, while he was fumbling in his Pocket for Money he came to himself & w^d not be at that Expense: not long afterwards, there comes a Sharper Who gets into his House; finds his Chest, breaks it open, seizes on all the Baggs & carries 'em clear off: however this must be said, that the Rogue was so good natured as to leave a Halter in their room; which *Harpagon* finding next morning put to its proper Use because it cost him nothing.

*Timon* is a great Man in his own Country, a Squire, a Justice of the Peace, by the same token He & his Clark go halves; & the last always demands double Fees for every Warrant he makes. He's what they call a good-for-nothing, hard, close-fisted Man; cares to part with nothing he has, gets what he can, will bate down every body he deals with, & is just & honest when he cannot help it. If a Beggar comes to his Door, he will either set the great Dog at him, or have him whipt at the Cart's-Tail, or put ith' Stocks, or sent to the House of Correction: he never was wanting yet, he thanks God, in putting in Execution the Laws

ag^t *Vagrants*. Oh! they are excellent Laws! the best that were ever made! What a happy Constitution do we live in, if we could but think so? To give him his due, he's every jot as strict in the *Game-Act*, which always lies on the Hall Table under *Nelson's* Country-Justice; a Useful Book! It was but t'other day he wanted a Hare, & without more words a good-natured Young Fellow, a Tenant's Son, takes the *Black Bitch* & brings him one in a trice: it was case'd, spitted, roasted & serv'd up; & very heartily the Squire eat on't: but what does he do: he had no sooner wip't his Mouth & said Grace, but he sends to the constable to bring *Robert* before him: *Robert* is brought & charg'd with killing Game contrary to Law, the Penalty of which is five pounds. Poor Man, he had done nothing as he knew of but obey'd his Worship's Orders, & hop't his Worship w^d be merciful and forgive him this one time. Tell me o' Mercy, I tell thee that I'm a Justice & represent the King's Person, & must do Justice and will do it: I tell thee again, thou'rt not qualified; besides thou took a Gun & that's against the Statute of K. *George* the 12th: I mean the 12^th of K. *George:* however out of respect to thy Father, he's an honest Man & my Tenant, lay down fifety Shillings & all shall be hush't & quiet; but remember to do so no more. I shall say nothing of the Justice's Ignorance, how in the

Absense of his Clerk he once committed a Horse to *Prison* instead of the Pound, for which he was heartily laught at: but it taught him more Wit for the future, for he never sign'd Warrant afterwards but his Clerk was by. He likes the Church of *England* better than the *Dissenters*, because of the *Common-Prayer Book;* & the Common-Prayer Book for the *Calendar;* & the Calendar for the *Fasts* that are in it; which he punctually observes for no other reason but to set an Example to all his Family. That brought a Suspicion on him that he was turning *Papist*, but he wipe't it off at the next Month's *Meeting*, by toasting in a full Bumper, Down with the *Pope*, the *Pretender*, & all *Tories*. *Timon* is Seldom *Within* for Visiters, unless he be catch't; and then he'll go down into the Cellar himself & deliver the Bottles out with his own hands: the Bottoms must be saved & put together; they'll serve another time. And if he chance to have any Company to dine with him, which never happens but upon some extraordinary Occasion, he strictly charges his Man not to give 'em any Drink till they call twice, & to be sure to fill the Glasses but half full: he loves to make things go as far as they can:—No body can charge him with ill Management; he defys 'em: for he never forgets to set down in his Pocket-Book, What Glasses, & Bottles, & Pots, & Juggs come into his House, and if any be crackt or broken, he deducts it out

of the Servant's Wages; & if a Napkin, or Towel, or Spoon, or Besom be missing or Stolen they must make it good—they should have more Care. For one pound of *Beef* and *Mutton* that's brought within his Worship's doors, there comes ten of Herbs & Roots:—these are good enough for Servants' Table: which they must Dress up with Whey or Butter-Milk or Drippings of the Pan. Barley must serve 'em for Bread, which they may be content with, when it Serves their Master for Drink: One thing they are to take particular Notice of, always to put out the Fire immediately after Dinner, & not light it till an hour before, & he'll have 'em go to Bed in good time to save Candles. Its his constant Practice to be first up in a Morning, & last up at Night; for he'll trust no body to lock the doors but himself & will take the Key along with him, & then makes a general Search into every Hole & Corner of the House; and if he finds any of the Wenches' Sweethearts, he assuredly binds 'em over to the next *Quarter-Sessions*, for *House-Breaking*, when he himself sits Judge. As he is a Gentleman & *Justice of Quorum*, he cannot be well seen without a Servant in *Livery:* a Livery he bought, trimm'd it with Strong Plush & Brass-Buttons, but contrary to the practice in all other Familys, where the Liverys are made to fit the Men, he'll have his Man to fit the Livery; which he constantly keeps by him for

Who will that comes, provided he be neither too big nor too little for the Cloaths ; otherwise he will not pass muster : pack him off,—he'll not have his Cloth Cut & mangled & Spoil'd for ne'er a Servant in *England*. Not he! This same Livery, tho' it be now seven Years standing & has been perhaps upon thirty backs, is not five shillings worse for Wear : and indeed how should it be ? for its never put on but when they wait on him to Church, or a Visiting, or upon the King's Business ; and is always taken off when they come home,—brush't clean & carefully laid up by M^rs *Susan* the Housekeeper who is never without a Ball in her Pocket to fetch out the Spots & Stains : A Linnen Frock serves the Fellow ith' House & Stables.—There are so many Singularities in the Behaviour of M^r *Timon*, that he is become the Ridicule and Jest of all that know him. He gives Orders to his Man, when he takes out the Horses to Water ; *Whatever you do*, Thomas, *don't ride 'em upon the Stones, it will wear their Shoes, you don't consider that Iron rises :* a Rule he evermore observes himself, when he goes a journey, be the Roads never so deep. You will Scarce think it, but notwithstanding all the Arguments that have been us'd, he c^d never be got to plant one Tree in his Ground : they will not come up in his time, he says ; & he would fain be informed what Good Posterity had ever done Him ; But what is still more monstrous, is his

Carriage to his only child: for he's questioning Whether or No he should leave him his Estate; he owes no Obligation to his Son as he can tell; let his Son rather pay him for his Bringing into the World, for his Meat, Drink, Washing & Lodging.

No greater Mortification can befall this worthy Justice of ours, than Healthful Times, when his Tenants live long; & no greater Pleasure than when a Life drops: Oh then! how he will crow! A *Herriot* is demanded next day, & its a favour if it be deferr'd so long; The best *Good* or *so much Money* at the Choice of the Landlord, (it should have been Both, he thinks) and he always makes bold to take the Better. In short, Feavers, Agues, Pleurisies, & all Distempers are wellcome at every body's house but his own; and at his own too, if they do meddle not with his Worship. He is now upwards of Sixty Years, & hopes he shall live to bury all his Relations, Son & all; which is a great Comfort to him. But be that as it will—if it was but possible for him to take care of his own Funeral, which he heartily wishes it was, he'd let the World see that he'd have none of your Hypocritical sham Mourners with their Hat bands & Cloaks & Weepers Come snivelling & yelping after him: By Jove, he w$^{d}$ make every soul of 'em cry with a Witness (he w$^{d}$ make every Soul of 'em roar out in good earnest

without Mourning or Legacy); for, as he hopes to be saved, he would turn every Foot of Land he had into Money & lock up all with him in his Coffin. Who is nearer to a Man than himself? The next News you hear of *Timon* will be that somebody has knock'd him oth' Head.

Madam *Sophrona* is one of the worst Neighbours a body can live by: she's so plaguy Stingy & near that she would flea a Needle for the Skin; however this might be born with, but that she's so cursedly ill-natured, for she will give no body a good Word, & no body can give her one. She keeps one Maid, yet has more in a Month than there are days in the Week: not that she turns 'em away, No! they give her Warning: she agrees with 'em for fiveteen shillings a year beside Vails, which always amounts to nothing. The Old Lady no sooner wakes in the Morning but she rings the Bell which is hung at the Maid's Bed side & the Cord at her own: if she gets not up at first call, she'll slip on her Petticoats, steal into her Chamber & so be-lecture her—What ye idle Drone you, will you lie in bed all day; get ye up to your Spinning, Hussy, or I'll make you. She has no Sooner done her Preachment, but down she strips the Blankets & fetches her up 'oth Floor. She was used to have her Pewter Scowr'd once a Week, & her Chairs

to be rub'd & Scrub'd every Morning with a hard Brush; as likewise the Stools, Tables & Dressers: but observing in process of Time, that they wore considerably by this treatment; she gave ſtrict Orders for the future only to wipe the duſt of 'em gently with a Soft Wing, or which is by far the safer way to blow off the duſt with a Pair of Bellows. If the Girl finds a Pin on the Floor, she muſt give it her Miſtress; there's as much Honeſty in a *Pin* as a *Pound*. She has Seldom any thing Roaſted or Boil'd because it makes dirty work about the Fire side & Grease is hard to be got out; except indeed on a Gaudy, as upon her *Nativity* or the *Thirtieth* of *January*, & then perhaps there will be laid down a Quarter of a Goose or half a Chicken, & what is left carefully lockt up for another time: Indeed when the Meat is kept so long that it is ſtale & the small Beer turns sower, the Wench may take her belly full of Both; otherwise muſt be content with Water Pottage & a little Treacle, or else some Bread & Cheese, which her Miſtress cuts for her with her own hands. The chief Topick of Discourse between these two, is upon Soap, Fire, & Candles, which she always thinks go too faſt: she'll be at it every now & then in a violent Passion: *Who w^d* be troubled with Servants if they c^d help it? they run thro' every thing one has: happy are they who can live without them: If the other speaks the leaſt Word, she immediately

lets fly—Hold your prating, Mrs Impudence; do you know who you talk to? I wd have you to know, ye Swacy Slut, that I am your Mistress, & will be obey'd, that I will. Oh! how she will rail against the Parson if there be not two Sermons every Sunday & long ones, tho' she does not give him a Six-penny piece the Year round: nay she's so cunning, that when she comes home, she'll sit down & call for her Pen & Ink & Write down the Text to know whether the same Sermon be not preach'd twice over: but this soon came to the Parson's Ear, & he played her a trick for that, for she brought nothing home with her but the Text. *Sophrona* sets up for a mighty Reformer of the present Age: in her time the *Girls* were call'd nothing but plain *Mary* or *Hannah* or *Rebecca*; but now they must be *Miss'd*, forsooth, & think 'emselves fit for Husbands before they're five & twenty: & what is still worse, those Orthodox Primitive Words, *Father* and *Mother* which are some thousand Years standing, & have been time out of mind held in the greatest Esteem and Veneration, are turn'd out of doors to make room for a parcel of Nonsensical Stuff as *Papa* and *Mamma*, to the great corruption of good Manners & our Ancient English Tongue. When she was a Young Woman, there was no such extravagant Work on Cloaths: a plain home-spun Serge & flaxen Shift was look'd upon good enough for the best Man's

daughter ith' Parish; but now there's nothing but Silks & Satins, with your Flounces and Furbilows (brun 'em) to be seen upon every Country Wench that comes to Market: and if it be a Gentleman's or a Squire's Daughter, they must have their rich Damasks & Brocades, fine Cambrick of twenty shillings & Lace of twenty pound a Yard; all which go out of Fashion by that time twelve-month, & so much be turn'd and tip'd & marr'd before they are half-worn; or their Husbands, God help 'em, must buy 'em new. Ay! and those *Thingums*, like what do they call 'em *Hoops*; ay *Hoops* (Pox take the Inventor of them) which if truth was known, were not made for Nothing. Ay! and their Gold Watches with their Trinkum Trankums dangling at their Side: and those *Tingumbobs* (they cost the Lord knows what) in their Ears, brun 'em—what are they good for? And Diamond Neck-laces too, & *Solitares* (what Names they give tho' they are nothing but Bristol stones neither) a penny ribbon might serve: & Velvet Shoes & Silk-Stockings—and——Good God! what will this World come to? They're like to make rare Wives—in short you may as soon rig out a Man of War now a days as a Woman and at as little Expence. It is this Extravagance occasions such heavy Taxes, which were never known to our Fore-fathers. For her part, she has by her at this present time, an excellent *Poynt*

suit which was her Great Grand-Mother's that never had Sempstress Fingers laid on it since the day it was made, fifety degrees handsomer than those frightful ugly French Harridans so much in vogue: besides, a Special Grey-Russet Gown, lin'd with the Same & two fring'd Petticoats, as fresh every jot as when they came out oth' Shop, neatly sewed she cares not who sees them, infinitely better shaded than any they cut now: the present Fashion is a Fool to it: If her God-daughter Betty be a Good & Dutyful Girl, & does not marry without her consent, she does not know but she may leave 'em her for a Legacy. *Sophrona*, you must know, is an Old Maiden, but there's good reason for that; No body w^d^ have her: 'tis true, she was courted once by *Gerontes* the Lawyer, but it soon broke off: he insisted to have all her Effects settled upon him, & she insisted to have all his Effects settled upon her, to which neither of 'em w^d^ agree: being both resolv'd to keep their own Estate to themselves & get each other's into the bargain if they c^d^. It had been a Match c^d^ there have been found out a Way how Both might be Gainers. Not that *Sophrona* has any aversion to Matrimony; far from it: for its the only scruple of Conscience lies upon her that she has not done good in her Generation. But we'll leave *Sophrona* to die an Old Maiden.

The Covetuous Man knows no Vice but in the want of Money, nor Virtue but in the possession of it.

Of all the Passions there is none so often disappointed as Covetuousness in compassing its end, nor is there any so often mistaken in the Application of it.

The End which the Covetuous Man aims at, is perhaps the End which all Men aim at: but then they stick at Nothing, be it right or be it wrong, to compass this End; & when they have compassed it, they evermore abuse it.

Covetuousness is a Crime, that was never laid to the Charge of a poor Man.

Prodigality & Covetuousness are the two ends of a Line, the middle of which is Liberality.

A Covetuous Man is sufficiently reveng'd by a Prodigal Heir for the Injurys he has done to himself: & this Man is as much reveng'd by a Covetuous Heir for the Injurys he had done to

his Family. They succeed each other as regularly as Night & Day. You may compare them to 2 Buckets in a Draw-well; when one is down, the other is up: or which is the Same thing, to those 2 Constellations which rise & set alternately.

## *Revenge*

A MAN will go farther in doing Mischief thro' Hatred & Revenge, than in doing Good thro' Love & Friendship.

When you revenge an Injury, your Enemy has an Advocate that pleads his Cause & brings him off clear of all Costs & Damages : and that is your own Self.

The Guilt of him that injures you never appears so great as when you pardon him.

There is more Courage in pardoning Injurys, than in revenging them. When we pardon, we don't Value the Enemy with all his Strength & Power ; when we revenge 'tis a plain Sign we were afraid of him.

I demand Satisfaction, crys the Man of Honour that measures his Virtues by his Sword. Methinks, good S$^{r}$, you are very reasonable in your Demands ; when you give your Enemy the same Advantage over y$^{r}$ own Life, as you take over his.

A just and honest Man is not always the best natured Person. For there is sometimes more difficulty in getting Such a one to pardon the Injustice of his Neighbour, than there is in persuading other people; and that, because he injures no body himself & has the greatest Aversion to Such Practices.

Put up with an injury, and the Aggressor is always in fault: punish him, and you will be often hated and the Aggressor pitied.

The nearest way to Heaven is by the Road of Giving & Forgiving.

When a Man can Sell his Revenge & Ill Nature for a good seat in Heaven he makes no bad Bargain.

One Man gives you the Lie; you cannot help it: another murders your Reputation; you can't help that neither. This is a hard Case you'll say: and so it is, if it was in their power to make you incapable of forgiving them.

No Pleasure so sweet as pleasure of Revenging Injurys, except the Pleasure of forgiving them.

It is possible you may pardon an Enemy his ill usage of you, but a Friend you never can.

A Man will forgive anything sooner than Contempt; Contempt he never will: he cannot.

Contempt has for its Object something that we suppose can neither do us good nor hurt.

There is Scarce any Object low enough for Contempt. If you don't like it, let it alone. You cannot be the better for it, but you may be the worse. Nothing so little but has a power to make us Suffer. Nettles will prick & sting.

It w^d go a great Way towards the happiness of Mankind, could we but forget two things: the *Good Offices* we have done, and the Injurys we have receiv'd: if we could but likewise remember two things, little w^d be wanting to compleat our happiness: & that is the Injurys we have done & the Good Offices we've received.

There are two Objects of our Revenge: those who have done us an Injury, & those we have done an Injury to: the former we may sometimes pardon, but the latter we never can.

Some people, rather than do anything that looks like Revenge, will oblige their Enemies even to the hurt of their Friends.

It is possible to pardon when you have power to punish; but when you have no Such power, it is almost impossible.

Whether is the greater instance of Forgiveness? To pardon a Man, when it is in his power to hurt You again: or to pardon a Man, when it is quite out of his power?

None but great Souls can forgive: he that forgives is void of Fear. The Coward cannot forgive, he dare only not Revenge.

A Man can sometimes bear an Injury or an Affront much more easily, than to have Pardon asked him for the same. Tenderness is too strong for Resentment.

The highest Pitch of Human Goodness is to do Good & to Pardon: herein we in some measure resemble the God that made us.

## *Flattery*

THE Flatterer never minds whether a Man be Good or Bad; 'tis all one so long as he is but Great.

A Flatterer is a Man that tells you y^r^ Opinion & not his own.

There is one Vice your Men of Riches & Honour are free from, and that is *to Flatter*; and yet these very Men occasion it in others, for they love to be Flattered.

The greatest Disgrace of a mean, low state of Life is to Flatter; & the greatest Advantage of it is not to be flattered.

Great Men ought to be very thankful to Flatterers, for if they have no Virtues they will make 'em to their hand.

Your Great Men have sometimes the least Understanding: for it is in the power of any insignificant mean Fellow to make them believe

they have a thousand good Qualities ; which they never enjoy'd, nor ever will.

A Flatterer does great Honour to Virtue ; for where it is he certainly makes it greater ; & where it is not, he will say it is.

A Flatterer is not to be endured, because he hinders a Wicked Man from being Good, by persuading him he is so.

He who desires Flattery is a Fool, & he who gives it is a Knave.

Happy is the Man whose circumstances are such, that he needs not be either a Knave to flatter, or a Fool to be flattered.

The Flatterer is a Lyar, that's to be detected by every One, except the Person to whom he tells his Story.

To be flattered is like being drunk. A Man never believes himself to be less so, as when he is most so.

Flattery and Pride live under the same Roof: these two Subsist by the help of each other. Part

'em, and they'll both die; they'll be ſtarved to death; they will have nothing to feed upon.

Evil-Speaking is of two kinds, Flattery & Slander: the one places you in the ill Opinion of Mankind, the other in the good Opinion of your Self, and both contrary to Truth. They proceed in different Methods; the one attacks you behind your back, the other to your very face; Or in other words you are undermin'd & blown up by the one, by the other you are rais'd to an height which tumbles down for want of prop & foundation: Either way you are likely to be ruined. I don't know whether a Ship is in more danger by Springing a Lake, or by being top-heavy.

It is said by Some & very truly, that Flattery and pride reigneth moſt in the Courts of Princes. It may likewise be said & very truly too, that where Flattery & Pride do not reign, there are feweſt Knaves and Fools.

The Reason why there is no Law againſt Flattery, as there is ag$^{t}$ other Vices of the Tongue; is, because we should be at a great loss to find a Plaintiff.

Flattery is the only Injury, which one Man does another, for which he is always pardoned.

Flattery is a Substitute for Learning, for Wisdom, for Beauty, for Virtue : when we want these, we want to be flattered, & when flattery is given us, we are easy.

He that does not discover flattery to himself, shall readily find it out when bestowed upon others.

# *Friendship*

A MAN cannot be a true Friend, unless he can sometimes fall out with his Friend, and be friends again.

Are you desirous to be a Friend? Ask your Self this Question: if you should happen afterwards to fall out with your Friend, (as you possibly may) whether you have the Resolution not to use anything against him that has pass'd in this Friendship. If you cannot, in vain do you Seek for the title of *True Friend.*

To have too many Friends often disappoints a Man in his Pursuits if these friends be of different Partys or Religions. How much soever ag^t^ reason this may be, yet it has been practised by men of otherwise the greatest sense.

Sudden Friendship, like sudden Love, never lasts long.

That Man is likely to have most friends, who has least occasion for them.

Professions of Friendship are most comonly made by such as are most incapable of performing. When a Man has nothing to give or to lose; he is extremely kind.

Its a hard Lesson to love our Enemies; but its a harder Lesson with Some people to love their Friends & Benefactors.

As pleasing and delightful a Passion as Friendship must be to the Soul of Man; yet there are some who w^d^ choose rather to hate & be Hated, provided they be but feared.

A multitude of Enemies have oftentimes been found to be the Cause and Rise of more Friends: just as the best and most plentiful Crops are produc'd by the help of those things which in their own Nature are stinking and bad.

True Friends are like Instruments of Musick; grow better by use and Time.

We are more hasty in following the dictates of our Hatred than of our Friendship.

In Friendship there's no such thing as Obliging or being Obliged. When a Blind Man carries a

Lame Man on his back, & the Lame Man directs the Blind Man which way to go: where's the Obligation? We are all of us either Lame or Blind. There's no such thing as Self-Sufficiency or living without the help of another.

'Tis a great satisfaction for a Man to know who are his Friends, but a greater happiness it is for him sometimes not to know (or pretend not to know) his Enemies. Be content that a Rogue takes your Purse; but call him by his Name & he shoots you dead.

Some Men are so unreasonable that they reckon a Man to be their Enemy, that has any Friendship for those they fall out with.

When you hear an Enemy rail'd at, make some Allowances; when you hear a Friend extoll'd, abate something: & then 'Tis twenty to one you make a right Judgment.

Where there is extravagant Love, there can be no true Friendship.

You may sooner get the respect & friendship of a Great Man by being of the same Party than by being of the same Religion.

There's little Friendship in Love ; for when we Love, 'tis only for our own Sakes, not the Person's belov'd.

Familiarity extinguishes Love, but encreaseth Friendship.

Some, who call themselves friends, will not be againſt you, but dare not be for you : some great Obſtacle, to be sure, lies in their way. They heartily wish you success, but desire to be excus'd appearing in y^r^ Intereſt : They will be Absent, when the Election is. Such Persons ought to be regarded juſt as some soldiers in the Field of Battle, who turn their Backs & run away. No better than downright Enemies !

Observe it when you will, if you will keep your Friend you muſt sometimes contradict him. I am sorry, my Wine is no better, 'tis a Shame to take you in so dirty a Room. Agree with him in what he says, & I'll engage he'll never invite you again.

Every body is not capable of being a Friend, but any body has it in his power to be an Enemy.

The Love which we bear to our Friends, is changed into Pity or Envy, when they cease to be our equals.

The true notion of Friendship is the Love of another: the common Practice of it is the Love of our Selves.

True Friendship has nothing to do with Flattery or Evil-Speaking. It is as much afraid You should think too well of your Self, as that others should think of you too ill.

He that has a sincere Friendship for a Woman, will never desire to marry her, unless he can make her as happy or happier than she was before.

According to the common acceptation of Friends & Enemies, we receive more Good from These than Them.

Friendship consists in an Exchange of good offices. It no more refuses to be obliged by another, than to oblige another. He that can look his Benefactor in the Face without blushing or Uneasiness, wishes him well.

No such Enmity as when two friends fall out.

When a Man serves another as far & no farther than the Rules of Justice & Equity require : such a One may be an Honest Man indeed, but can never be called a Friend.

Every Man is obliged to be Just and Honest, but Every Man is not obliged to be a Friend.

## *Merit*

OPPORTUNITY has been the rise of more Men than ever Merit could pretend to.

You value your self for your Strength & Nerves, hard-drinking & sitting up whole Nights together without a wink of Sleep : Qualifications in common to y^r^ Self, your Coachman, Porter & Groom. Shew me, good Sir, some other Qualifications, the Qualifications of the Soul, if you desire to be called their Master.

Let not Merit depend upon its own Sufficiency. Unless it hath Family, or Riches, or Patent join'd to it, it must lie in Obscurity & Darkness ; & serves rather to make the Owner of it Fretful & envious, than to be any real Comfort & Satisfaction to him.

He that has nothing but Merit to support him, is in a fair way to starve.

When you hear a Man talk of nothing but his Father or Grandfather, or some great Uncle, what

they said & did; what Places of Honour or Profit they fill'd: you may then Take it for granted that that Man has no Merit of his own to recommend him.

A Man of great Merit often suffers in his Character by the Commendations of some Silly Fellow that has had the honour to be once or twice in his Company.

He that is of so great Merit, as justly to demand the Esteem of all the world, must not expect to have many true Friends: for we take a Secret Pride to find or make Faults in that Man whom we cannot help but esteem & admire.

The Ignorant are well enough contented with their own Merit such as it is. They fancy they have all the Wit & Knowledge which they never were possess'd off & more than ever any Wise Man had.

The Merit of a Man is now-a-days according to the Number of Acres he has, or pieces of Gold; or the Title he's possess'd of. A Prince can in half a Minute's time with the Stroke of a Pen give a Man better Accomplishments, than his Schoolmaster was able to do in ten years.

If Riches and Honour did not include Merit; or in other Words; Virtue, Learning and good Sense: What a Number of Rich Worshipful Gentry are there in the World, whose Servants would be better Men than their Masters.

If Merit was to be the only Rule, & not Interest, in the disposing of all Places: What a strange Alteration shou'd we find in Church & State?

## *Youth and Old Age*

A YOUNG Man hopes to be old, an Old Man wishes he were Young. Its a Compliment they pay one another.

He that is born into the World, comes into the World to die.

A Beautiful Woman, like the Cloaths she wears, is worse for Old-Age.

One would think that Youth was no part of Man's Life: for if you enquire into the Age of a Person; you ask *How old* not *How Young* they are, whether Man, Woman or Child.

A Child has more Sense than what he appears to have; a Man much less. The former wants Words to express what he knows, the latter has Artifice to impose on our Credulity.

Many a Younger Brother, that has nothing now, but a Dog and a Gun, would have had a glorious

Estate, if he had happen'd to have been born one Year Sooner.

Younger Brother the better Gentleman. Right! for the Younger is always the son of an ancienter Gentleman. It is the only comfort they have.

As many years as you take away from a Woman's Age, just so many you give her. It's a common way of Reckoning.

Reason in Youth is like the Pilot in a great Storm: he meets with a hundred Difficulties before he can bring his Vessel into safe Harbour.

Reason in Old Age is like the Pilot in a calm Sea: he has nothing to do but to steer straight forward, to bring him to the end of his Voyage.

When a Passion gets the Mastery of Reason; immediately comes forth a Vice; when the Victory is on the other side, a Virtue turns out.

The greatest Virtues are those which spring from Youth, because it has the greatest Temptations to Vice.

He that has no Temptations to Vice, has little to brag of his Virtues.

As there are but few Vices but what forsake Old Age; 'tis pity but Youth should get the Start and forsake them.

A pretty Country Seat That where *Celia* lives: the Rendezvouz of all the Neighbouring Gentlemen and Ladies: How many Balls & Entertainments? Who visited oftner & was visited oftner? No body did the Honours of a House more handsomely than *Celia*. Celia is now grown old & cannot bear Company, nor can Company bear her. She's for removing to Town with all Speed, to be near the Church, because she has nothing else to do.

Whenever you meet with Old Age and youth coupled in wedlock; you may observe two violent Passions, but of a very opposite Nature. The one centres in the Person, the other in the Estate: or, in other Words, the former marries for pure Love, the latter for meer Convenience.

Its a plaguy thing to be unequally Yoaked, especially in Years: where one Party is never easy but in Sight, and the other never well but out of Sight.

As Love is the natural Passion of Youth & Covetuousness of Old Age; So when Nature is cross'd by such prepostерous Matches, she is pretty

well reveng'd on them ; by giving to each Party a ridiculous Passion which can be only agreeable to the Age & Complexion of the other.

What is oftentimes only a Weakness in Youth is a great Crime in Old Age.

There is a Modesty that's a Virtue in Youth, but a Fault in Old Age.

It would puzzle a Man which to chuse : To be Poor & Young, or to be Old and Rich ; that is, To have what we cannot use by reason of Sickness or Infirmity, or to want what Nature requires in the midst of Vigour & Health. These two States include the greatest Part of Mankind. Both miserable enough.

It is a Compliment to wish long Life to a Woman but an Affront to call her Old.

Persons of unequal years cannot be fit Company for each other, either at home or abroad ; without the greatest Condescension on the one side, & Submission on the other, & good Sense in both.

The Love of Life encreases, as our Years encrease, w$^{ch}$ is a plain Demonstration that in Old Age our sense decreases.

Its the Desire of Life makes Doctors & Apothecarys in Vogue.

The young and the Old are both in the wrong, if we believe what they say of each other ; & both in the right, if we believe what they say of themselves.

Young Men think that Old Men are fools, who were formerly of the same Opinion when they were young Men ; & Old Men think Young Men are Fools, who will be of the same Opinion when they become old. Age makes not half the Alteration in the face of Man, as it does in his Understanding.

## *Sons and Daughters*

HOW often is the Son obliged to his Mother for enjoying a good Estate, which never belonged to his Father?

Let the last thing you trust a Child with be the paying of his Father's debts.

We seldom know our duty to our Parents till we have Children of our own; & then 'tis often too late.

That Man that is against his Sons & Daughters to marry, has Sons & Daughters that wish their Father's Death.

The Younger Children of several Gentlemen's Familys receive their Fortunes from the elder Brother's Wife, as the elder Brother does his from his Father.

When the Son of a House is married, the Family is reckon'd to be a Gainer: when a Daughter is married, quite the Contrary.

We are willing enough Sometimes to let our Sons marry whom they like : but for our Daughters, we would always choose Husbands for them our Selves.

We care not how much we give our Sons for their Fortune, nor how little to our Daughters.

When a couple have agreed to go together, the Parents are generally against it. When the Parents make up the Match, they are married most commonly against both their Consent.

This may be laid down as a general Rule, that a Son has less Affection for a Father than a Father has for a Son : Let not the Father be concern'd at it : its nothing but what he had for his Father.

## *Courtship*

COURTSHIP is an Art contriv'd to make the World believe, that the Women love not the Men so well, as the Men love them.

Where five hundred men marry the Women they like, there is perhaps not one Woman marrys the Man she would choose, were it left to her own Option.

Is it not imposing with a Witness on the Judgment & Understanding of the Fair Sex; that they shall not be allowed the Liberty of choosing their own Husbands?

The more a Woman conceals her Passion, the more does the Man discover his.

Women are like Shadows: pursue them & they'll run from you; run from them & they'll follow you.

In Courtship its the Man's part to be Forward, the Woman's to be shy? How cleverly they act

each other's Part, when the Scene is changed to Marriage.

If it was customary for the Women to court, the Men would be more virtuous than they are.

The Women have their Way of Courting, but somewhat different from the Men. They lay out a great deal of Money to please the Men's Eyes, & the Men lay out a great many Words in fine Speeches to please their Ears. Both parties aim at one and the same Thing, After which the Men are ready enough to drop their Expence ; and only wish the Women would do so too.

There never can be more Nonsense talk'd than there is betwixt a Man and a Woman in Courtship. Its fulsome and nauseous, enough to turn ones Stomach. The only Persons that are not sick to hear them, are *Themselves*.

Many Courtiers & their Sweet-hearts would have parted long Since, but that they wanted the Name of Husband & Wife.

Tho' Courtship is so Short, & a Married State so long ; it often happens that all the Love & Pleasure in this last State put together, will not near ballance what was had in the former.

*Stesichorus* is so passionately in Love, that married he will be, he's resolv'd on't. But *Cratosthenes* has so great a Respect for his Mistress, that he is unwilling to marry for fear he should love her less.

In Matters of Courtship, the Case between the Man & the Woman too often stands thus. The Man feigns a Passion which he really has not for her, & the Woman conceals one which she has for another.

A Woman never appears so amiable to a Man who courts her & will not have her, as when she turns him off.

A Woman may have many Courtiers at a time without dishonour : a Man can court but one.

A Man in Courtship generally looks upon the Woman better than she deserves, & so does a Woman upon the Man : the Merit of both appear after Marriage.

## *Woman*

THERE is little Friendship betwixt Man and Woman; of Love as much as you please, oftentimes too much.

A Woman's best qualifications are in her Youth, which are oftentimes the worst in Men.

The Dress of a Woman undergoes as many Variations as there are Months in the Year. You shall not see a Gown & Petticoat above three times at Church, but the Mantua-Maker shall be sent for to give it a new Turn, either in the Sleeve or the Facing or the Plates, or in the Fullness or Sideness, or in all of 'em together. The Fashion alters, they say; I say they alter the Fashion. However this is in some measure to be born with; but not content in their own Sphere, they launch out & encroach upon the Men's Prerogative: Hats & Caps are now-a-days a Standing-Dress among the Ladies, & they have Occasional Ones too, as Wiggs, Coats, Wastcoats, which in process of Time may be established. Well! If they would but stop here! but in some parts of the World we

are told they make still farther Advances ; & these, if not timely prevented, may prove Epidemical. They wear the Breeches.

When we say This is a pretty Woman, we mean only that she has a pretty Face. But when we say, This is a pretty Horse or a pretty Dog ; we mean not only that the Face is pretty, but that they have pretty Shapes ; a pretty Head, pretty Ears, pretty Legs ; in short that the whole Body is pretty. How much wiser are we in our Judgment of other Animals, than of our own Species !

In vain does a Beautiful Virtuous Woman expect to have a good Character from her own Sex. The more they discommend her, the better I should like her, the more virtues & Beauty I should think she had.

Women are so modest that they never boast of the Favours they bestow upon the Men.

Men instead of having the greatest Esteem & Respect for the Ladys they receive Favours from ; have generally the worst Opinion of them.

Women are like some kind of Beasts that carry their Poison & Antidote in their own Bodies : or, which is the same, they may be compared to

Achilles's Spear, which c^d^ wound and cure at the same time.

The men most commonly say much better of the Women; & the Women much worse of the Men, than what either of 'em believe.

When a Woman grants a Man a Favour; let her remember that from that time forward, she is tied fast to him, but he is set at Liberty.

A Woman that is Honest & a Man that is Honest have indeed the same Name, but the name has not always the same signification.

To a man that aims only at a great Fortune, it signifys not one farthing whether he sees the Woman till the Minute he marries her, or ever sees her after.

Women have this Advantage over the Men, they can tell which are their own children.

An old Maid has oftentimes 3 Misfortunes; by being overstock'd with some Goods she cannot part with, having lost others which she cannot regain, and being quite destitute of others she cannot compass.

Rich Widows are not unlike some Books of the 2[d] or 3[d] Edition : always come out with Additions and Amendments.

That Woman must certainly want good Sense, who is angry with a Man that let's her know he loves her better than she does him.

The reason why Women are not so well read as the Men, but more fit for Conversation ; is, because they trust to the Information of their *Ears*, more than their *Eyes*. The Men on the contrary, believe what they *read* more than what they *hear*.

Nature might have sav'd her Self the trouble in bestowing Feet upon some Ladys. Walking is too great a slavery for 'em : whenever they stir out they must be carried ; and if it was not for Eating & Drinking which she has made necessary, they would not make use of their Hands neither.

Real Sickness saves the Ladies the trouble of Dissembling : for Sick or well, they will complain.

Of all Sorts of Death, the most painful is to be talked to death. Women are the chief Executioners in this kind.

The Tongue of a Woman is capable of producing Sound, which admits of no Comparison either for Frightfulness or Harmony.

A Court Lady is like a Ship of the First Rate; carries more Goods, moves slowly, & oftner wants Rigging.

Considering the Temptations that in some parts of the Town the Women lay for the Men; it must be a Virtue either not to love them, or not to hate them.

A Woman is of greater value than a Man; two thousand Pound Fortune with the One, is esteem'd equivalent to Eight hundred a year with the other.

There goes but one good Qualification to the making of what they call a Virtuous Woman. Let them be possessed of all the rest, and want this One; & they lose the Character.

Modesty is become now-a-days almost the Sole Property of the Female Sex; it is a fine Virtue to keep them from saying or doing any thing that's loose or unbecoming: but when they cannot hear & see some things that are said & done without blushing, it shows that their Minds are too intent

upon the Thing. *Discreet Women have neither Eyes nor Ears.*

A Taylor ought to be well vers'd in Symmetry & Proportion; he sh[d] be a good Statuary, a good Painter: The Shape of the Ladies depends very much if not altogether upon his Judgment, for instead of making the Cloaths to fit their Bodies, he generally makes their Bodies to fit the Cloaths. They suffer Some Pain by it, but 'tis the Fashion, & they're content.

Nature is a better Workman than any Taylor in Town: I'll engage that taking the whole Species together, you may find twenty Men well shap'd & proportioned, for one Woman.

## *Beauty*

BEAUTY in a Woman is dangerous enough of it self; but Wit join'd to it makes it irresistible.

Beauty is like a Glass that will burn, tho' it has no heat in itself.

Woman is the only thing in the Creation, that is beautiful and dangerous.

A Woman that is taken purely for her Beauty, is more oblig'd to the Man's Eyes than his Judgment.

When you marry a Woman purely for Beauty's sake; tell me how long her Beauty will last, & I'll tell you how long you will love her.

What is Beauty? which is only owing to the Eyes of another, or a Looking-Glass. A Blind Man in Love must certainly be in love with the best qualifications of a Woman; her Wit, her Sense, her good Temper, &c.

The Satisfaction which a Woman receives from her beauty, consists not so much in the Esteem she herself has of it, as in the Esteem of the Men. What a Mortification must it be to her to think, that every day brings her four and twenty hours nearer to their Aversion ?

An Old Man & Young Woman is a Match often to be met with ; & not disagreeable neither. How perverse is Nature to forbid the contrary to this, on pain of the greatest Hatred ?

The Beauty in Men, if one may use that Expression, or whatever else you call That which makes 'em desirable in the Eyes of the Fair Sex, is of a much longer Duration, than the Beauty in Women. A Man of three Score shall readily go off, when a Lady turn'd five & thirty must lie neglected.

We love and admire a Woman while she is Beautiful & Young ; if there be any Passion in Man for her when she ceases to be such, pray how do you call it ?

If the Love & Affection of the Man lasts no longer than the Youth & Beauty of the Woman : The Women are not so much obliged to the Men, as the Men are to them.

To live in a continual Fear, that our Face shall Survive our Beauty, or constantly to remember the Beauty which we once had, but have now lost; is the Life of many a poor Creature: but oh! how miserable a Life!

The greatest Weakness in an Old Maid is to forget she has lost her Beauty, and the greatest pain is to remember it.

A Woman's Love lasts longer than her Beauty: 'tis this makes many a Young *Beau* strut it along the Street in Gold and Silver, that would otherwise have rotted in a jail.

Your Old Maids have a Secret Antipathy to the Young Girls; & the young Girls owe as great Obligations to them. They envy them their Beauty & endeavour to dress like them; but the more they do so, the more they set off the Envied.

We are apt to think that the Owner of a Beautiful Face is possess'd of all the Virtues & good Qualifications the Sex is capable of.

Poverty is a sure defence against any Harm or Damage that a Beauty would otherwise make. A Beautiful Woman & Poor will never be brought in guilty of Breaking any Man's Heart.

A Great Fortune & a Small Fortune have broke off many a Match, that w^d^ otherwise have been made to the Satisfaction of both Partys.

Beauty excuses a thousand Impertinencies; no thing comes amiss except a Denial; how happy must a *fair Lady* be, when it is in her power always to please?

Most Ladies take a greater pleasure in beholding their Looking-Glasses, than their own Pictures; which is certainly ill judg'd; for every time they go to their Glasses, they always see a worse Face; whereas they might every day see one better & better, if they w^d^ but turn their eyes to their Pictures.

The Beautiful Picture will always survive the Beautiful Person. Nature never bestows such lasting Colours upon the Body as Art does upon Cloth.

Courage in Men, is the same as Beauty in Women.

It holds good in Beauties as it does in Persons of the same Trade: they can never agree.

## *Love*

IF you be passionately in love with a Woman, conceal your Passion as much as you can, & you'll gain her the sooner.

What a Slave must that Man be that's in Love? he depends upon the Love of another, to make him either happy or miserable.

Never let a Woman consult a Man that's in Love with her, what she had best to do.

A Man that loves a Woman proves often her greatest Enemy.

Love consisteth in the Beauty of the Body; Friendship in the Harmony of the Soul: Hence it is that there is so little Friendship & so much Love between Man & Woman.

Nothing more like Friendship than when we make Love to a Lady of Superior Fortune, & nothing more distant from it.

There is no Faith to be kept with Rivals, any more than with an Enemy.

Coyness which destroys Friendship, encreases Love.

Old Friends & New Lovers are the most pleasant in Conversation.

There is a firm Friendship sometimes built upon the Ruins of an old Love.

Friends & Lovers are different in this; the former can trust one another with their own Secrets, the others never dare.

If there be any real Friendship between Man and Woman, it must be in Wedlock: and That (we have too many Instances) is a great Destroyer of Love.

If Marriage was to couple together none but true Friends: pray how many Husbands & Wives are there in the World that are not *Fellows*?

Were a Lover to Succeed in all the Measures that his Passion would Suggest: a Man would soon *Hate* instead of Love.

No Hatred so violent as Love when turned into Hatred.

The more a Man keeps Company with the Ladys, the less apt he is to fall in Love.

What makes the Ladys more beloved is keeping their Lovers at a distance.

Love is a Glass that magnifies all the Virtues of its object, but lessens all the faults.

We can be grateful Several Ways in other Benefactions : but Love is a favour that will suffer no Return but in *Specie*.

Love is a strange Passion : it puts a Man into a great Pain & Uneasiness, & will not give him leave even to desire to be rid on't. Let any Man plung'd over Head & Ears in Love, declare freely, whether he would not rather continue in the Condition he is in, than not to have loved at all.

Tho' it is with Pain, yet it is with Pleasure when we love ; but it is with Pleasure without Pain when we cease to love.

We are free Agents in most things, but in Love. For we can neither love where we have a Mind; nor help loving where we would not.

To love & to hate when we please, is no more in our Power, than to be Sick & in Health.

That Man will find himself mightily mistaken, who expects that his wife will appear as handsome to him ten years to come, as she did upon her Wedding Day.

The violent Passion of Love is short-liv'd: It dies upon the Alteration of a Face, or by being too familiar with it.

A Man marries his first Wife sometimes for Love, the second most comonly for Convenience.

Love is stronger than Reason; & Interest than them both.

A Lover is always more fond after ill usuage, as a Spaniel is after a Beating.

Strive what you can, Love cannot be hid: it has various & diverse ways to shew it self. The Eyes, the Behaviour, the Voice, nay Silence it self, all contribute to make it known.

There may be a Friendship between the two Sexes without any Love in the Case: and this is the most delicate of Friendship.

Love will embolden the Coward, & tame the fiercest Hero: herein it has something of the Nature of Fire, which softens Metals, but hardens Clay.

Many people do not love their Wives; upon no other reason but because they are their Wives.

That Passion, which we love to gratify in our Selves, we ridicule & banter when we find it in others.

The Amours of other People we take a secret pleasure to find out, but endeavour by all means to conceal our own.

Love of ourselves is so like the Hatred of others, that the one can scarce be known from the other.

## *Marriage*

WHAT a small thing in Appearance makes the difference between Mistress & Wife? A few Words of the Priest.

Marriage is a Wonder-working Thing. The Sin & the Shame is taken away by marriage.

Marriage is a topick of Discourse that never fails, for if we can think of nothing else, we can think of that.

The pleasures and pains of a Single Life, are both less than of a married State.

A Single Man lies more expos'd to the Censures of the World, than he who is married.

Whether is the pleasure of coming together by Wedlock, or the Grief of parting asunder by Death, the greater.

When one considers the excessive Sorrow and Lamentations some Women make for the loss of

their Husbands & Children; one would wonder how they durst ever venture to marry which, they must know, is the Occasion of all this: and yet, these very Women seldom object against Second Husbands.

A Batchelor is exempt from all those Griefs and Sorrows that usually attend the Loss of Wife & Children; and so he is from the Plague that sometimes attends living with them.

A Widower is like a 2$^{d}$ hand Book; takes not $\frac{1}{2}$ the price.

A Mistress is a wife without a Lycense; a wife is a Mistress with a Lycense.

No difference at all between the Modish Man, and a Woman of the Town, before Marriage: and yet the one may be accepted by the greatest Lady of the Land, and the other be rejected by the meanest Footman.

We never care to buy a Horse or a Dog without trying; nor any other Animal whatsoever except, a Wife indeed: and this is the only one which a

Wise Man ought not to take at a Venture, for better for worse.

We take more care about the Breed of our Horses and Dogs, than of our own Children. The Person we intend to raise a Family from, we never enquire whether He or She be sound of Wind & Limb, has good Eyes, moves well, and the like. A great Portion answers all these Questions.

The reason why your Great Folks seldom like the Persons they marry is because they seldom marry the Persons they like. The end of Matrimony is the last thing in the Question: Its the raising of an Estate, instead of Children, or the clearing off some heavy Mortgage; that's all: What their Fathers did before them, and their Sons after them must do. Such Weddings are often made up without Courtship, or even seeing the Party, & perhaps the greater would the Love and agreement be, if they never saw each other again. It is your common People make the happiest Marriages: for they marry purely for Love & for nothing else.

Be possess'd of all the Wit and Judgment in the World; you may add good Nature, agreeable Person, and a hail sound Constitution: It will not stand for Six *Sous* in a Smithfield Bargain.

Formerly it was, that Men bought their Wives; but now the Women must buy their Husbands, if they will have any.

*Phædrus* is just come from College, where it cost him eight hundred pounds upon his Education: he has little or nothing left, but is really a fine Gentleman. *Phædrus* makes court to *Aurelia* a Lady of no great Fortune: but *Aurelia* will not have him. Had *Phædrus* kept his Money in his Pocket and his Ignorance in his Head: What do you think *Aurelia* would have done? Not a Syllable against him.

A Woman that throws her self away, most commonly makes the Man a very good Bargain.

Marriage is like a pair of Scales: if they don't draw even, the higher one Side is toss'd up, the lower must the other fall of course: the more power the one gets, the greater Slave must the other be.

There is a Passion which if Women would take it into Consideration, they need not give themselves much trouble about; and that is *Jealousy*. For what signifies it to them what their Husbands do? Let a Man have never so many Children, the Wife is certain of this that none can be *Mother'd*

on her, but what are really her own. But the poor Husband, alas! all the Children of his Wife are Father'd upon him, tho' you cannot say he is always the Father of 'em.

When a Man does not marry for fear of the Charge of Children, it is pity his Father had ever any.

A Gentleman with a small Fortune is like a Great House upon a small Estate, where the very Rents will not pay for the Repairs.

Its the Woman's part to answer. Few Ladies but have been askt the question one time or other. An Answer in the Affirmative looks too fond, and absolute denial too rude. This is the Case of many poor Ladies, who consume their younger Years in a Suspence between *Yes* & *No*, till at last they grow old, & never have the Question again put to them.

Could we be but as indifferent before Marriage, as we are generally after; there would perhaps be fewer Husbands & Wives.

A Man never loves a Woman to that degree, as to wish she may marry a better Husband than himself.

The Law is more favourable to Husbands than Wives. It provides, That upon the death of the Wife, the Husband shall be sole Lord & Proprietor of all her Portion: but the poor Woman alas! comes in only for her *Thirds*, if she chance to survive her dear Spouse.

An old Man that leaves a young Widow with a good Joynture cannot for all that persuade her to marry another old Man.

Let every Parent that disposes of a Daughter in Wedlock, fairly ask himself this Question: Whether he is not more careful to lay the Foundation of her Happiness when she becomes a Widow, than while she continues a Wife.

Of all sort of Creatures, the most despicable is a *Hen-peckt-Husband*; this is of Woman's Making: the next to him is a *Coxcomb*; this is of Man's Making.

In unequal Matches, when once they begin to think cooly; the Man or the Woman is most commonly asham'd of their Choice, which always tends to the Uneasiness of both.

In unequal Matches; the Party which loved moſt before Marriage, finds reason to love leaſt afterwards.

The moſt equal Matches, it muſt be confeſs'd, are between Persons of equal Birth & Fortune; but yet it hath been sometimes found that the moſt happy Matches are those where the Woman maintains the Man, or the Man maintains the Woman. For here, 'tis certain, there muſt be the ſincereſt Love & Affection on one Side, & where Prudence & common Sense are not wanting there muſt be the same on the other, or its Appearance at leaſt, which answers the same end.

We seldom trouble our heads about the Gallantrys of other people, till we are either married or grow old.

A Woman of Wit proves oftentimes a very troublesome Companion to a Husband. A Wife may be too sensible.

Few people are married too soon.

There are some Men in the World who behave with the greateſt Complaisance, civility and good Nature to all Ladys whatsoever; except One.

Juno was jealous of her Husband & had great reason so to be. This we have been told many hundred of Years ago; which is no more than what the great Ladies know to be true at home this very hour.

A Cuckold is the only unfortunate Creature, that is not pitied.

The Women go as clean & neat as Fingers can make them, before Marriage: afterwards nothing more careless & negligent. Why should it be wondered at that Men love their Wives less than their Mistresses?

In the Solemnization of Matrimony, the Women promise to obey; but some of them leave the duty for the Men to practise.

Matrimony is a Cover for the Faults of Women, and it exposes those of Men.

The greatest Enemy to Marriage is the Covetuous Man: he loves to get everything but Children.

The bringing Children into the World out of Wedlock, is always more owing to the *Means*

than the *End*: & the same holds very often in Wedlock.

Since the Means of peopling the World is a Passion planted in all Mankind, & of all Passions is perhaps the Strongest: how are those Persons to be pitied who cannot gratify this Passion without Sin & Shame?

The Philosopher certainly deserv'd a double price when he taught his Pupil both *how to hold his Tongue* & *how to Speak*. What would he have deserved, could he have taught some Husbands *how to Hear?*

What a strange compound is a jealous Husband? He has an ill opinion of his Wife, & yet loves her at the same time.

Our jealousy keeps Proportion with our Love: it is more or less so as that is.

There is more pain in Jealousy, than in certainty: he that knows his Misfortunes has nothing to do but to take up with Patience, which is a Remedy for all Evils: but Doubt is constantly upon the Rack.

When Jealousy once gets into the Head, it never dies: Time which abates other Griefs encreaseth this.

The greatest Misfortune that attends Jealousy is this: that it may sometimes prove the Man or the Woman to be false, but never can prove 'em true.

## *Poverty*

THE Rich ought not to contemn the Poor; for in truth there c[d] be no Rich Men if there were no Poor.

Were it not for the Poor, the Rich Man could never put in practice that Virtue, which belongs to him alone and which of all Virtues is the most becoming and agreeable to his character, & without which no Rich Man can ever be Great and Honourable.

Of all mankind the Poor Man lives most conformably to the Beginning he made, & the End he is to make: for while he is in this World he is almost naked.

There is no man so poor but what has enough to carry him to his Journey's End.

What use is there in great Riches? Since we can come into the World & go out without their help: And our Stay here is not so long.

The poor Man is free from two Vices the most opposite to each other: Prodigality & Covetuousness.

That Man can never be said to be Poor who is supplied with Meat, Drink & Cloaths.

A Poor Man needs not be at any trouble to find out the Truth: he has no Flatterers. What he sees or hears is in reality what it appears to be. It is not worth while to deceive a Poor Man.

It has been said that the Law is like a Net, wherein the small Fish are caught, and the Great Ones break through: but it may more truly be said, that it is a Net, wherein the Great Fish are caught & the small ones fall through.

## *Riches*

NOTHING more difficult than to get an Estate ; nothing more easy than to encrease it, when we have one.

A small portion of Wealth one would think is enough for any Man ; Since all our Wants are confin'd in so small a compass ; as Meat, Drink, & Cloaths.

If the Backs & Bellys of Some Men were as large as their Estates ; that is if they could fairly consume upon themselves all their Yearly Profits & Revenues : What huge mighty Giants we should meet with ? Its well if they would not want Elbow-room in some parts of the World. And yet we all covet Money, but no body covets a larger Corps. Pray let us act like reasonable Creatures ; either curb our desires or enlarge our Bodies with as much reason to be as big as a Colossus, at the same time I am wishing for ten thousand a year.

Let a Man have never so many Acres, his Person

can take up no more room in the World, than I who have not one foot of Land.

Suppose all the Money in the Universe was laid in one Common Treasury; & every Man was to come & take away just so much & no more as he could fairly use himself, I verily believe there would be little occasion for Taxes either to *King* or *Poor*.

There is a Possession than which nothing can be more beneficial to us, & which we never trouble our heads about, and that is a true Friend.

Even the name of Money will do a great deal, when the profession of it cannot be come at. Let there be but a Wager of four or five hundred Guineas upon a Cock-Match; & many a Gentleman, that is no ways concern'd, will ride fifety Miles to see it; tho' he may have as good Sport in his own Backside every hour of the Day.

The poor Laborious pains-taking Man lives a Life which every Man of Sense must envy. Envy, in other respects most detestable & odious, is here just & reasonable: 'tis almost a Crime not to envy it. He is seldom troubled with the Gout or Stone or Rheumatick Pains, has no temptations to break the Rules of Virtue but always enjoys a Sound Mind in a Sound Body. He has

only the bare Necessaries of Life; but Nature is content with a little; he wants nothing, he covets no more. He gets his Bread indeed with great toil & Labour, but 'tis with the greatest Pleasure he eats: Hunger is the best Sauce, which he never wants; and tho' his Diet be but coarse and mean, yet it is a delicious Repast. When he goes to rest, he has but one Sleep, 'tis true; but that's from the time he lies down to the time he rises. In short he is always easy content & satisfied in himself, & you may venture to say is beloved by every one, excepting only by two sorts of Persons, that is to say your Retailers of *Law* & *Physick*. Such is the State & Condition of a poor Laborious Man! If you want to know Who the Unhappy & the Miserable are, you must seek 'em elsewhere.

What an Estate should I have had, crys *Damon*, if it had pleas'd God my Father had but liv'd ten years longer? What an Estate should I have had, crys *Meneleas*, if my Father had but died ten years sooner. Our Relations die too soon or too late to make our Fortunes. Let us e'en make 'em our Selves.

A Man in Adversity ought to hope for better times: A Man in Prosperity ought to fear worse times. If both think aright, the miserable Man is

just so much happier than the Prosperous Man, as Hope is a more delightful Passion than Fear.

Wealth, by which some People think to get a Reputation, does but expose the more their Weaknesses & Follies.

The more of the Gifts of Heaven some People receive, the less pains they take of going thither.

The greatest Advantage of Riches, next to doing Good to others, is this ; that the Possessors of 'em may any time be Serv'd by Men of greater Learning and better sense, than Themselves.

Fortune is said to be blind by everybody but the Fortunate.

Who can blame *Fortune* for bestowing her Gifts upon the Unworthy, when she's Blind.

The Prosperity of other People gives us more uneasiness than our own Misfortunes.

Fortune is like the *Isle of Dogs* near *London*, which makes fat Horses lean, & Lean Horses fat.

Man has no foundation in himself, his Happiness & Misery depends upon Something that is foreign

and without him: notwithstanding all the good or bad qualifications he is endow'd with & which are his own; it is Riches or Poverty, a mean or a high Post, that makes him stand well or ill in his own Opinion & in the Opinion of other People too.

Mankind would have a quite different Notion of Riches & Honour, than at present they have, & always have had; w^d^ they but carry in their Minds this one undeniable Truth; *That Nothing can be great, the contempt of which is great.*

The World we live in is full of Care & Trouble. The Poor Man's Care is for the Necessaries of Life, the Rich Man's for its Superfluitys.

It is not the duty of a Man to be Rich or Poor; but it is his duty to be honest & good.

Man never thinks himself happy, but when he enjoys those things which others want or desire.

He that values himself only upon things that are without him, as his Office, or Estate, or Birth: plainly declares to the World that he is a poor, indigent, worthless Creature in himself.

Suppose a Man of a large Fortune in Money, all or most of which he has laid out in Reversions ; which at the expiration of a few Years or Lives will bring him in an Estate 10 times more in Value than all the Interest he c^d possibly have made of it in the mean time. Will you not be apt to say that Such a One, if he acts consistently, bids fairest for the Kingdom of Heaven ?

# *Heirs*

A MAN of good Estate wishes to have a Son and Heir; and an Heir to a good Estate wishes as much to be without a Father.

When a rich Man dies, he always leaves behind him a great many good Lessons of Comfort to his eldest Son for the loss of so good a Father.

The Affection of a Father & a Son are different: The Father loves the Person of the Son, & the Son loves the Memory of his Father.

When a Man rejoyces at his Father's death, ought he not in reason to expect that his Son will be so dutyful as to do the same at his?

A Rich Man who loves his next Heir, has seldom a next Heir that loves him. Those who wish our Death are most commonly the Persons to whom we design the greatest Good and Advantage. If we did not love them to this degree, they would perhaps love us better and pray for our health & long life.

We see many a Rich Fellow Strutting it about the Streets in Gold & Embroidery, that would have made but a poor insignificant Figure, had not their Fathers or Uncles wanted Meat, Drink & Cloaths.

There are others who enjoy without any Scruple at all a very fair Estate, that if their Fathers or Uncles had paid their Debts, would not be worth a groat.

To be presumptive Heir to some rich Uncle or Cousin who is unmarried, or has no Children, & in whose power it is to leave his Estate to whomsoever he pleases ; is a State of Life I would wish to my Enemy, if I desired my Enemy to be in pain.

He that expects and is impatient for another's Estate, like the Dog in the Fable, often quits his present Substance for a shadow.

The next satisfaction to the enjoying a great Estate is to be Heir to some covetuous rich Fellow that cannot leave it from You.

A Covetuous Man may be called *Steward* to some young Gentleman ; only that he impoverishes

himself, contrary to the practice of all other Stewards, to enrich his Landlord.

Relations are never the nearer to falling out, as when they live near one Another. Under the same Roof there's no escaping it.

# *Family*

THE first of a Family has the greatest Merit, and the least Honour: the last of a Family has the greatest Honour & oftentimes no Merit at all.

What is it makes a Gentleman & a Squire? Old *Hunks* the Farmer had a bag of a thousand pound found by him at his death: this makes his Son a Gentleman; to whom there is afterwards in the last Will & Testament of some rich Cousin an Estate bequeath'd of five hundred a year; and now he writes himself *Esquire*. As to the making of *Dukes*, *Earls*, *Lords*, *Knights* & *Baronets*, we must leave that work to the King, & the making of a *King* sometimes to the *People*.

Distinctions and Titles are short liv'd; they continue no longer than the Persons whose Possession they are, continue above ground: under ground there's no such thing; The *Lord* & his *Footman* are equal.

The nearer to the Fountain-head, the more pure

& clear is the Water : quite the reverse in Familys ; the farther from the Beginning, the greater & more honourable the Persons.

To observe the behaviour of many a Gentleman towards his Servant, one would almost think that he believes him to be of a different Species. Servants have too much Sense to believe any Such thing.

If it were possible for a Servant to be so ignorant as to believe his Master was of a different species from himself; and the Master would himself be so good-Natured as to behave to his Servant as one of his own Species : there certainly would be the best Master & the best Servant.

When you hear a Person ever talking of his Relations, take it for granted they are such as are Superior to him in Honour or Fortune. Those Relations will not do as much for him. We seldom hear any one mention their poor Relations.

He is of an Ancient Family ! And pray who is not of a Family, and equally ancient too ? Some indeed abound in wealth, command and are obey'd, have Estates which cover half a County, and Magnificient Buildings where their *Names* and

*Persons* are fixt: Others are scarce known, have not a Foot of Land nor a House to put their Head in, live here and there, Scamper as well as they can, are Poor and downright Slaves. Both come in a direct Line from King *Adam*.

## *Kings*

EVERY King gives us two days of Rejoycing; the day he begins to be a King, & the day he ceases to be Such.

The Faults of Kings & Princes & Great Men, we freely speak of after they are dead & gone, & are pardoned; because it does honour to their successors who must of necessity appear greater, the more their Predecessors are cry'd down. We are good natur'd enough to speak well of other Persons, tho' we could not afford them one good Word while they were alive: they have no Successors, they are all Originals.

Compare but what is wrote of any King or Prince while he's alive, and the History of his Life after his Death; and you would almost swear you was reading an Account of two different Persons.

There is no Virtue in it to be born a King, nor any Crime to be born a Peasant.

Always *keep better Company than your self*, is a settled Maxim: pray what sort of Company must Kings and Princes keep?

The King of England is to the House of *Lords* & *Commons* in the same Relation as a young Lady is to her Sweetheart. She cannot be properly said to choose a Husband, but only to accept or refuse what is offer'd.

Hearken, O ye Kings & Princes; Dukes, Earls, Lords, and other dignifyed Persons whatsoever! We acknowledge your Titles and Honours; they are your due: we poor Slaves are entirely devoted to your Will and Pleasure; we'll bow & cringe, fetch & carry, receive Injurys & cry *Your Humble Servant*. But, pray Gentlemen, make much of Life Present, live not too fast: when you part with this Life, you part with all y^r^ Titles; and are only One of us.

In the case of *Meum* and *Tuum*, we may find a great Number who would not for the World wrong their Neighbour of one farthing; and yet these very persons, whenever it is in their power, will not make the least Scruple of Conscience to cheat their King.

Virtue & Vice have no part in the Character of Princes. They are called Good or Bad by the Success and Miscarriages in their Government and Ministers: other People by their own Virtues and Vices.

There are 2 Ways whereby a Prince gets the Obedience of his Subjects; by Love or by Fear: just so, you may come at the Drink, either by pulling out the Cork or thrusting it in. The former Way in Both is the Best. Dominion is neither founded in Grace nor in Power: tho' this Rule does not hold good altogether in Practise.

All Governments are equally Absolute & Tyrannical: only some are lodg'd in *many* Hands, some in *Few*, & some again only in *One*.

No King or Prince can give Life; that is in the Power of God alone; but every King can *Pardon*, which is the next Thing to Giving Life, nay in some sense it is the very same Thing. The Laws of the Land can make a King, but it is the King alone can make himself like the King of Kings. And how Laudable an Ambition this must be! most Honourable and Glorious! which nothing

can come up to ; and consequently most fit for the Breast of a King, whom no Man can come up to : by which a King is made a Great King, a Great King a Greater King who can be exceeded by none but the First and Greatest of Kings.

## *Passions*

A MAN of strong Passions is capable of being very remarkable either for Virtue or Vice.

Weak Passions are not able to give a Man any Character at all; either Good or Bad.

It is a difficult thing to suspend our Passions: we are entirely taken up either with Desires or Aversions; there's no such thing as Neutrality. Let there be but a Horse-Race or a Cock-Match, tho' we are not in the least concern'd, we cannot forbear being inclin'd to favour one side more than the other, without knowing Why or Wherefore.

Those who are subject to any violent Passion, are as Subject to the opposite Passion in as violent a Degree. The excesses of Love & Hatred, Laughing & Crying, Joy & Sorrow, Hope & Fear, are to be found in the same Persons.

A Man engages farther in one minute of Rage or Pleasure, than in many Hours of the bravest Actions: & sometimes a little slip costs him a longer Repentance, than a continued Course of Virtue & Well-doing can give him Satisfaction.

The Violent Man, or Man of Passion, is neither his own Master nor any body's else for want of what we call Reason; which, the Moment he begins a Dispute with, gives him the slip, to avoid the Bustle.

Love, Esteem & Friendship, may be found separately, but seldom united: they have different Offices, different Objects to fix upon; which objects very rarely meet in one and the same Person. There are Women of Beauty, women of good Sense, & Women of Honour & Sincerity: and he that often finds a Woman with all these Qualifications, finds an Exception to this Rule.

Wonder or Admiration is a Passion, to which Children and Fools are most Subject.

You may love a Woman to distraction, without having one grain of Esteem or Friendship for her;

and again you may esteem her without the least Friendship or Love; as likewise you may be her Friend & never love or esteem her at all. Love indeed will sometimes join it self to Esteem & Friendship, but These will seldom do so to Love.

Hope is a compound Passion made up of Desire and Expectation; & the very same Ingredients go to the Composition of its opposite Passion, Fear: with this difference only, that the one desires a Thing will come to pass, the other that it will not. Expectation is the same in both.

Ambition acts two parts: it envies all above it, and despises all below it.

Pity & Envy are both attended with Pain, tho' in a different way; w^ch^ arises in the one from Seeing Another's Misfortune, in the other from seeing his Prosperity; or in other Words, the former is an Uneasiness of Mind That a Man is not in a better Condition; the latter, That he is not in a worse.

Pity is a laudable Passion, becoming the Soul of Man; because its end is to do good, or to wish it at least: whereas Envy is abominable to the last degree, because it meditates nothing but Evil and

Destruction: & yet a Man w^d^ choose rather to be the Object of Envy than Pity.

Joy & Sorrow succeed each other as naturally as Light and Darkness; when the One ceases t'other takes Place—they are like 2 Buckets in a Well; when the one is up the other is down.

There is nothing but our Vices & Follys that is the proper Object of Sorrow.

A Fear to do some Actions & a Shame not to do them, makes the Coward & the Hero.

Emulation looks with a good Will at the Happiness or Excellencys of another, & strives with all its might to arrive at this Perfection: whereas Envy Looks upon its own Unhappiness or Imperfections to which all Mankind ought to be brought down.

Anger is a displeasure or Uneasiness for some Affront or Injury we conceive done to our Selves or Friend: Hatred has all the Properties of Anger with this addition, that it wishes ill to others; & Revenge puts it in Execution.

*He is a Passionate Man—he is in a Passion*, is neither more nor less than to say *He is an Angry Man—he is Angry*. Why shou'd Anger alone of all the Passions be distinguished by the common Name of its Brethren? But so it is; whether it be that Anger is discovered sooner than any other Passion, or that it is the most noisy & ungovernable of all the Passions, or else that it is a Passion to which Mankind is most Subject.

Anger is like a Flash of Lightning: no stopping it while it rages,—but is soon over.

The Mischief which Anger does is the most pardonable of any other Passion; because where it is, there it is almost impossible for Reason to have Admittance.

Vanity is a self-Opinion that we say or do things well, join'd with an Endeavour that others sh[d] have the same Opinion of us.

Vanity, as its name imports, can be of no Use to Mankind: Instead of being Useful; it is by its Effects, of disservice to Mankind. It is quite contrary to Nature; Nature had never occasion for the assistance or help of Vanity in all her

Actions or Discourses. The necessaries of Life may be had without it, our Duty to our Maker, our Selves & our Neighbour may be done without it; and yet there is Scarcely anything said or done, but there is in it a Tincture more or less of this same Vanity. Vanity perhaps is only another Word for Affectation: for it has nothing to do with the thing it self, it is some out of the Way thing Superadded, or some thing taken away, which instead of Bettering the Thing, makes the Thing Deformed & Ugly; nay sometimes changes the very Nature & Name of the Thing. This makes the Learned Man (Schollar) to be called, and really to be, a *Pedant*: the Religious Man an *Hypocrite*; the Benefactor, a Pick-thank; The Good Man, *Proud*; The Great Man, *Haughty*; The Person of Quality, Assuming; In Short, Vanity is the chief Ingredient in the Composition or Character of all Coxcombs, Fops, Prudes, Advisers, Aldermen, Great Talkers, Scribblers, and all that Tribe of call 'em what you will, who instead of being really something endeavour only to be thought something, but most commonly are thought Nothing.

As Active as the Passions are, too strong an Object will quite destroy their Motion. Some Ladies will make the House ring again for the breaking of a *China* Cup; That, if their only Child was over-

laid, will not be able to give one cross Word. *Little Sticks kindle the Fire, but Great ones put it out.*

But there is still a certain Governing Passion, which is One and the Same in all Persons alike; to which all their several otherwise most Governing Passions do give Place & are in Subjection; and that is the *Desire of Life*; It is not absurd to ask, What Poor Man would not choose rather to drag out a Miserable Life in Rags & Hunger, than to be a dead Prince? and what Prince is there that w^d^ not willingly accept of Life, even upon Condition of living as one of the meanest of his Subjects (if it was 20 or 30 or 40 years longer) than to dye to-morrow? *A Living Dog*, we know, *is better than a dead Lyon.*

There is in the Soul of Man one *Sovereign Master Passion* which governs all the rest, either by curbing their Action, or totally suppressing it, or else by commanding their Assistance in all its Pursuits & Undertakings. 'Tis Love, in some; in others, Covetuousness or Ambition; & in a third, Envy, Malice or Hatred. Why this Governing Passion is not one & the Same in all Men alike, is owing to the difference of Education, the Clime, the Profession, & sometimes to Nature it self.

The Passions are evermore upon Action, evermore in too much Heat & Action, & consequently in the wrong; its the Business of Reason to direct them, or to check and keep 'em in; & then Something Great or Good may be produc'd. They are fiery mad Creatures, always upon full Speed, which nothing can stop, neither Hedge nor Wall, till at length they are brought under Discipline by some Skilful & able Rider: but they are oftener seen without one, or else to throw him.

All the Moral Good & Evil of Mankind proceeds from the Passions, as they are properly or otherwise directed: for were it not for the Passions the Soul w$^{d}$ be in a State of Indolence, never Act; & without Reason, never Act to a proper End.

The Passions may be call'd the Prisoners, Reason their Keeper: which sometimes puts 'em under close Confinement, sometimes suffers them to go out, so far & no farther.

There are some People who want both Reason & Passion; & such are never in the right, nor ever in the wrong.

Ambition is the universal Passion. Examine Mankind from top to bottom, & we shall find that

they take more pains to be feared or envied by their Neighbours than to be beloved.

The Passion of extravagant Love is destroyed 2 Ways: either by being depriv'd of its Object, or by being put into Possession of it.

## *Meat and Drink*

DRUNKENNESS is a Vice that cheats us strangely. A Man never thinks himself less drunk, than when he is most so.

Glutton is a Name of Reproach to a Great Eater; but there is none, for him that can take his three or four Bottles a night & go to bed sober. *To be drunk* is for such puny weak Brothers, that drop before the Second Bottle is out.

The Gentry are before us about Six Weeks in Eating, but then they eat five times worse & ten times dearer. They lay things aside when they are in their Goodness & Perfection. As the same Meat is common to them and us, they are forced to be at this Inconvenience to make Distinction. They reckon indeed beyond Sea Eleven days Sooner in the Year than we do, but then they take care that their Account is Eleven days more just.

It's a good Rule in Eating always to rise with an Appetite; in Drinking, to break up when the Company are most loth to part.

The Means appointed to preserve our Lives, has destroyed more Lives than all the Diseases put together.

If Bumpers be concern'd in Wagers; as many as you lose, just so many you get.

In sitting over a Bowl of Punch or Bottle of Wine where all must pay an equal Share: every one makes it his Business to see that he receives not too much himself, nor the rest too little. Quite the reverse to what is daily practised in all other Partnerships and Bargains.

A full Bumper is now-a-days reckon'd the only Testimony of mutual Love and Affection. But unreasonable sure that we can't be believed to wish the Health of another, without going the ready way to destroy our own.

At Meals a Gentleman will not sit down to Table without a Servant at his Back, to help him what he calls for: in Drinking, 'tis quite otherwise. A Servant is not Suffered to be in the Room, every Man is ready to Serve himself. There must certainly be something very extraordinary in Drinking, where a Gentleman will condescend to be his own Servant.

You hear a Gentleman charge his Man to keep Sober, when he himself designs to be Drunk. What is this else, but to order his Man to be Master, and he will be his Servant.

You may talk against Drunkenness till your heart akes. This is to some Persons the only Guard and Security of their Lives & Fortunes. For many a Man w^d^ have gone to pot without Such an Advocate. A Sober Man has no Excuse.

But it is the greatest disgrace to Human Nature *to be* Drunk : because it entirely robs them of that Prerogative, which alone makes the Distinction between Man and Beast.

Shou'd some wild *Indian*, who had never seen or heard of our Way and Method of Drinking be brought into a room where perhaps half a Score Gentlemen were sitting over their Bottles, drinking in order as they sat full Bumpers to one another, whether they were Thirsty or not, and this for a whole Afternoon or night together; every one carrying off the same Quantity of Liquor. Wou'd he not be apt to think y^t^ we used the same method in our Eating ? It wou'd be an odd Sight indeed to see a Table full of Gentlemen sit eating to one another every one Mouthful (for so you may say as properly as drinking to one another (taking care

at the same time of his next Neighbour that he eats fairly) & then to lay down his Knife & Fork, till it came to his turn again, not to rise till all was cleared. As odd a Sight as this w^d^ be; Is there not as much reason for the One as the other? or rather is the one more absurd and ridiculous as the other? The *Indian* w^d^ be right in his Judgment.

Give a Beast as much Meat & Drink as he'll have, a Human Creature as little as you can. The first knows when he has enough, the other seldom does.

When a Man loses his Flesh, he's generally the better for't; a Horse is the worse, when he loses his.

The Lady of a House is always worse used at her own Table; everybody is serv'd before her, and with her own hands by her too: however she's pleas'd & the Company is pleas'd.

Why so hasty in fixing upon y^r^ Chair at Table before the Company have plac'd themselves? Oh! You w^d^ take the lowest place. Be not afraid, but sit where you are bid; for wherever you sit is the lowest.

Horses drink twice a day, & no more: if Man did so, he w^d^ be twice as long liv'd.

Drunkenness is a deprivation of Reason; w^ch^ may happen as well thro' passion as by Liquor: for either way a Man is beside himself.

The Means of preserving Life, which is Eating and Drinking, has destroy'd more Lives than ever did sword, Famine or Pestilence.

# *Trade*

IT is no small Article amongſt Tradesmen, that they oftentimes get Wives for Gentlemen's Sons.

What muſt you have for y^r^ Gelding? I'll not bate a farthing of twenty pounds. Come! hold y^r^ hand: I'll give you eighteen poundes, & he's worth no more in any Market in *England.* A Bargain is ſtruck; and now I will not take any Man's forty Guineas: he's as good a nag as treads upon four Shoes.

Trade and Extravagance are Sworn Friends; they help each other at a dead lift.

The great Support of Trade is the Consumption & Ruin of all its commoditys.

What we think an unreasonable Price when we are to buy, we think juſt & equitable when we are to sell.

*Cleanthus* buys an Estate of *Gerontes* three hundred Poundes cheaper than it is worth. You commend *Cleanthus* for his Skill & Judgment. Is not this too partial? Pray let *Gerontes* have one half of the Commendations, for he made one half of the Bargain.

When you tell me I had a very good Bargain in the purchase; that the Fellow was an arrant Fool for selling it so cheap: Do not you in effect tell me that I was an arrant Knave? For where a Fool is made, a Knave is not far off.

Rogues & Knaves would be hard put to it, were it not for Honest Men and Fools. *These are the soft, easy Cushions, on which they repose & fatten.*

Tho' we often call our Selves Fools & Blockheads for giving an exorbitant Price: we seldom have a worse Opinion of any Man's Understanding, how *dear* so ever we Sell to him.

We are said to buy *cheap*, when we give less than what others usually do; & to buy *dear* when we give more. Let the Price of Goods be never so high or low, there is no other Rule of *Cheap* & *Dear*.

A Tradesman sells me a piece of Goods much cheaper than he sells you, who are my intimate Friend. I commend him & you blame him. Are we not both in the wrong? Since he uses my Friend ill and yours well.

A Tradesman that's dishonest has this Advantage over the Fair-dealer; that his Creditors will compound for one half of the debt: whereas an Honest Man must pay twenty shillings in the Pound or go to Prison.

It's a difficult thing not to cheat, when a Man has it in his power.

A Cunning Man never imposes on us more than when he speaks truth.

Truth it self is a Lye in the Mouth of a Cheat: because we are supposed to believe the contrary to what he says to be True.

The Cunning Man is most commonly cheated by plain-dealing.

He that goes to Shop & pays not ready Money for what he buys, is obliged by Law to take the

Tradesman's Word, which is ten per *cent* dearer. You may say fiveteen and not be out.

He that refuses to pay his Debts, enjoys the Fruit of other Men's Labours, and the Money which should pay for it too ; which is not fair.

A Rogue hates to be called a Rogue ; and he is often obliged to the Laws of the Land for not hearing his proper Stile & Character. There is many a Young Spark that has Credit enough to run into Debt, but afterwards refuses paying because he was under Age. Who dare call him a Rogue ? The Law says he does no wrong. Its pity but there was a Law to punish all Tradesmen that will run the Risque of ruining Themselves & Familys by trusting such *Blades*. Tho' to speak the Truth, they are sufficiently punished without one.

He that refuses to pay his Father's Debts because he is not obliged by Law, does not act the part of an Honest Man, whenever he runs unto debt himself. For he may be sure that his Son will be as backward in paying his Debts, as he was to pay his Father's, for the same Lawful Reason.

The older a debt is, the less it appears to be a Debt ; both by the Debtor and the Creditor.

The Debt which we owe to our Benefactor is generally paid to those who only promise to be and never are our Benefactors.

A Ten Pound Bill of 5 years standing, paid off, is only Six pound ten shillings, if so much. The Tradesman is 50$^{s}$ or more out of Pocket, and thinks himself a Gainer.

Physicians & Lawyers cannot thrive but other people are losers.

We blame the Envious and we love to be envied. I was asked the other day by a Friend to see the House he had bought. He takes me into the Hall, Parlour, Kitchen, Cellar, in short into all the Rooms: I saw bare Walls only; there was nothing new or extraordinary; & he knows very well I have a better House of my Own. What did he shew me all this for, but only to let me understand he had got a very good Bargain, & make me wish I had bought it my self? In short, the House would not be half so valuable to him, if he thought that others did not desire to have had it.

A Lord is ashamed to be paid in his own Person for what you eat & drink at his House; but he

deputes his Servants to receive the Money. Vails are always reckon'd in part of Wages.

Its cheaper putting your Horse at an *Inn*, than in a Gentleman's Stable. An *Hoſtler* takes but four Copper half Pennys if you ſtay half a day: but a *Groom*, if you ſtay but half an hour, give him less than a piece of *Plate* & he'll be affronted.

We pay too dear for Favours & good Offices when they are purchased by our Importunity & Prayers.

Praise is a Debt which the World owes a great Man for being Eminent; but for the payment of it he is like to ſtay till he's dead.

A Great Man, as he cannot arrive at Fame while he's alive, muſt e'en reſt content with being envied.

*He is hard but honeſt.* The Hard Man will bait you down as low or lower than you can well take: then comes the Honeſt Man to pay you off to an odd shilling. Both these often meet in one Character; but seldom make a good one.

A juſt & honeſt Man is ſtrict, exact, sometimes Cross & peevish, will pay to everyone his due, and

there he ends : a good Man will pay to every One his due, will give of his own *gratis* ; he will pardon the injuries of others, & take care that others shall have no occasion to pardon him. He begins where the other ended.

## *Compliments*

THO' Compliments be an Act of Condescension, it requires the greatest Assurance to be complaisant.

Compliments were made for strangers, not for Friends.

When you find a Man over ceremonious & complaisant, have a care of being deceived: it is not so much out of Respect to you, as to be thought himself a Gentleman of good Breeding.

A Man seldom gives any Compliments *gratis*; if they are not returned, he's disappointed & takes it ill.

When I see a Man I have affronted to carry to me with more Complaisance than ordinary; I am sure he has not forgiven me.

A Man may show want of good Breeding by being over ceremonious & complaisant.

If Men durſt never do otherwise but speak the plain truth: or resent it ill to hear the contrary; we might bid Farewel to compliments.

A Stranger would be at the greateſt loss in the World to know who are Friends & Who are Foes by the modern Forms of Speech which are daily used in Compliments. *Your humble Servant*, for inſtance, or *Here's your good health*, is sometimes but very rarely the expression of a Well-Wisher: moſt commonly it signifys nothing at all, is a meer expletive that is no more than bare sound: but whenever your Life, Eſtate or Reputation is in danger; *your humble Servant* will never be omitted.

*Good Manners* make the Man. Right! But what is good Manners? It is in it self no Virtue, nor is the want of it a Vice. And yet Good and ill Manners are of greater importance to a man in the Grand Monde than all the Virtues & Vice put together. In short, it is Good Manners which make the Man,& the want of it the Fellow.

You cap a Stranger, you never saw before, nor ever heard any thing of. Why? the Reſpect is paid to his Dress, not to his Person.

We like that Man better that carrys with Civility & good Manners to us, tho' he has a different

way of thinking; than him that is of the same Principle with us, & does not. 'Tis Carriage makes us Love or Hate.

Some, when they take off their Hat, take off their Understanding also. Can't I behave my self with due Regard and Deference to a Great Personage, without making him an Idol?

There's as much Ceremony amongst the Servants of Great Men, as amongst the Masters themselves. A Duke's Servant takes place of a Lord's, a Lord's of a Knight's, & a Knight's of a Squire's. The King's Servants take place of 'em all.

If you will observe the strict Laws of Compliments, it is the part of the Superior to begin first.

Compliments are as far distant from Friendship & Sincerity, as the *Horizon* is from the earth, which tho' they seem to meet together, yet when you come there there's nothing in it.

Where Ceremony is observed, its as ridiculous to take a Place beneath you, as to take a place above you.

The Man is thought ill bred that does not launch out in the Commendations of the Fair Sex;

so is the Woman that has not something to say against the Men; which neither of them believe to be true.

We pay our greatest Respects & Compliments to those persons, who have it in their power either to mortify or to advance us.

Considering the different Characters there are in the World, Ceremony is a thing very necessary to be observed for the good order & œconomy of the Publick: but then for a Man when he is alone & by himself to think himself either a better Man or Worse Man for this difference of Character, is nothing but a meer Conceit without any foundation in reason.

## *Custom*

THERE are a Sort of People I never knew any body had Acquaintance with, & those are the first Beginners of *Custom*.

A Man is generally blamed that goes contrary to Custom. Pray what shall we say of them that were the first Beginners of *Custom?*

If all Custom is to be rejected that falls within our own Memory & Knowledge, pray where must we find *Custom immemorial*?

Its customary for the Women to say *No* at the beginning of Courtship, or to keep the Men a Long time at distance & in Suspence, before they give their final Answer which is most commonly in the Affirmative. What a deal of trouble might be saved, if they would but speak their Minds at first?

The Men court & the Women are courted: The Women, if you please, are as desirous to choose

their own Husbands, as the Men are to choose their own Wives; if they had but Custom on their Side.

The Dress, the Behaviour, the Conversation of the Men and the Women are quite different: let them agree to make an Exchange; and Custom will soon familiarize it.

*It is really a curious fine day—The Sun shines most gloriously—it rains—it snows—its very warm—very cold.* What need you tell me all this? don't I know it as well as you? I scarce ever saw a Man in the whole course of my Life that was proof against this Weakness.

The Weather is a great help to discourse; it serves as a Substitute to any Subject whatsoever. Hither we fly when we want something to say.

A Man that's upon the getting hand is most comonly saving: we care not how much we spend, when we think we shall be ruined.

Meal times are observed more out of Custom, than Necessity. *Breakfast*, *Dinner*, & *Supper*, have

more to do with the time of the Day, than with a Man's Stomach.

Coats of Arms are to be found upon Seals, upon Coaches, at the Herald's Office & upon Sign Posts: and they belong most commonly to Owners that never were in the field of War.

It is Customary in all *Drawing Rooms* and at Gentlemen's *Tables*, to fix an Upper End & a Lower End; where you may often observe the Company striving to make Each other sit above them. How much more reasonable would it be, as well as save a great deal of trouble, if it was agreed upon to have the Greatest Person in the Room, sit where they will, to make the Highest Place?

*Geronto* will have every body take Physick, Wife & all: they take it, sicken & die. He takes none himself & does well. *Geronto* is a Physician.

The Way of Buying is always to expect Abatement, be the Price high or low, the Goods cheap or dear. The Seller lets them have their Way, but then he has his.

We oftentimes make that a pretence to fall out

with a Man, which we should have been heartily vex'd, if he had not done so.

If you ask why the Women go not a Courting to the men; soon answered, its the Fashion of the Country: Nothing else.

## *Opinion*

WE overrate what belongs to our Selves and undervalue what belongs to others.

A Man's Character & a Woman's Character mean 2 different Things: the standard of it is the Opinion of the World.

To see a Gentleman riding on the Road with a Pillion behind him w^d^ be a ridiculous sight; because he acted out of Character: place a Lady upon this Pillion and then all w^d^ be well enough.

A Knave w^d^ fain be thought to be honest by other people, w^ch^ pleases him better than to be honest himself.

The Happiness of most Men consists in believing that other People think them to be Happy.

It is a Question whether the Possession of Health, Riches & Honour, &c. be half so desirable & pleasing, as to live in the good Esteem & Opinion

of Mankind. Hence proceeds all our Pride; to which every thing in the World will bend & truckle.

A Man of Riches & Honour probably bears a Misfortune or fit of Sickness with greater Resolution & Patience than another: for tho' he is now unhappy, considered by himself, he is fond of leading a Life happy in the Opinion of others; and that makes his Sufferings tolerable. A poor Man in distress & Sickness has no reason to believe but that all Mankind think him to be a most forlorn miserable Creature, & in himself he really is so.

The greatest Evil that attends Poverty is Opinion: Could we but live within our selves, without minding what others think of us, we should all of us be happy enough. As for Drink, that is common & enough of it; and for Meat & Cloaths, we don't hear of one Man in an hundred that dies with either Cold or Famine.

Superfluity of Wealth receives all its Value from Opinion. What I eat & drink & put on, is of real use to me: the rest is only imaginary.

Most people judge of Mankind as they do of their Books; by their Binding and Title-Page only.

A Prince is not like another Man : he claims a Right to all the Virtues of his People for Life as well as their Dominions, & he has it. He is Wise & good Natured, & Learned & Valiant, till he dies.

We are always very partial in our Opinion and Judgment of Mankind. We consider in them nothing but either their Virtues alone or their Vices alone ; not as these are mixt & blended together in the Composition. If a Man be of my Side, he is good ; if not, ſtark nought.

We have for the moſt part a good Opinion of that Man's judgment who has a good Opinion of us : which is no more an Argument for our right Reasoning, than if he had a bad Opinion of us. For both are equally true according to the Light in which he views us. Every Man has good and bad Qualities enough for either Opinion.

You are of Opinion it is so & so : I am of Opinion it is otherwise. Your Arguments do no more convince me, than mine convince you. Well ! what muſt be done in this case ? You muſt either call in a third Person, or go to Loggerheads, or be Friends. The laſt is impossible, the Second determines which is the Stronger Man ; in the firſt its only counting Noses and all's over.

We can sometimes be perswaded by Arguments to change our Opinion, but seldom our Inclinations.

I know not which is the better Character of the two; To have every body's good Word, or no body's good Word at all; or rather I know not which is the worse Character.

He that refuses a Challenge is by common Consent a Coward, a Paltroon, a Man of no Honour —ought to be Posted. But its pleasant enough to think that many a Man, who accepts a Challenge, comes at last to be hanged himself.

There is but one Case, wherein a Man may be allowed to speak well of himself, & that is when he is Accused.

A Gentleman is a Man with an Estate: take this Estate, and give it to one of the Populace, and he will be the Gentleman.

*Macarius* is a Tradesman, and by his Labour & Industry acquires an ample Estate, is a Man of good Sense, Virtue & Honour: & very useful in the Common-Wealth. He dies, & leaves his eldest Son *Philatheus* Possessor of his Wealth, but

not of his Trade : No ! he Scorns to follow that, its beneath him : nor indeed if he would follow it, has he Abilities. *Philatheus* dresses fine, keeps a large Equipage, oppresses his Neighbours, pays no Debts, A Man of no Religion, a meer Epicure ; What not ? How does the World judge of these two ? The Father is a Mechanick, the Son is a Gentleman.

We receive Honour from the Office or Post we are in ; not the Place from us. A false way of Reasoning ! but a plain Argument, that all the World reasons falsely.

A great Post or great Estate will give a Man that Merit at Twenty ; which the greatest Learning, Virtue and Industry could never bestow at Fourscore.

There never was a Fool yet, that believed he was Fool.

We are happy & miserable by Comparison only : if all were equally rich or equally poor, where w$^{d}$ be the Satisfaction of the one or the Uneasiness of the other ? Unless we are better or worse than our Neighbours, we can find no room either to Rejoyce or Complain.

There is no standing Rule for Merit : it is various according to the different Stations or Sex of the Possessor. The Merit of a Woman is Beauty, of a Lawyer the Merit is Cunning ; Learning of a Philosopher & Wit of a Poet and the Merit of Dukes, Lords, Knights & Squires, is a large Estate. N.B. Get but this last & you should have in five minutes time the Merit of all Stations & Conditions of Life put together.

Taylors, Miliners & Drapers, create as much Quality as the King himself does.

If a Man will be taken Notice of & admired he must *Excel.* The Question is not whether in good Qualities or bad, but he must Excel. There is something more than good Qualities requisite to make a Man Famous. If you can play at Push-pin to perfection, or Foot-ball, or Bank-Sword or Quarter-Staff, or if you can stand three hours on one Leg, or run up the Side of an House, you shall be celebrated in every News-paper. I have known a Man take up a whole Night's Conversation, and for nothing in the World else, but that he could devour more Beef & Mutton than any Six of his Species.

There are few Men so wise in reality, as they are in their own Opinions : and again there are few

Men but what are Wiser than others fancy them to be.

We are generally inclin'd to give Credit to an ill Report, tho' it be improbable; sooner than to a Good one back'd with the strongest Proofs.

There is not any thing that passes more for Learning among the common People, than the Knowledge of Languages. This Man understands *Hebrew*, *Chaldee* & *Syriack*; That Man is well vers'd in *High German* & *Dutch*; another speaks the *Italian* admirably fine: a fourth can talk *French* as readily as his A.B.C. All these are Learned Men: but how? that is when they are not at home. An *English* Man that understands his Mother Tongue perfectly, is a great Scholar, when he goes into other Countries.

Disappointment often makes Innocence a Crime. Had you miscarried, tho' you had Merit enough to deserve Success; you had been a Villain, a Rogue, a Traitor: for Actions are commonly judged by Events.

And it is Success makes Vice to be a Virtue. If the end be glorious, the Means may be unlawful.

*A Man that makes War, grows wicked to be Good—They always have the Cause, who have the Day—Success is Prudence & Possession is Right.*

Its the first beginning of Wisdom to think we are Fools: as 'tis the first beginning of Folly to think we are Wise.

He that is cheated & cousened out of his Money or Estate is called a Fool by common Consent: but he who raises a Fortune upon the Ruin of another, gets the Character of a clever ingenious Fellow; fit for Business.

We think we are obliged to a fine hand for playing us a piece of *Handel* or some other great Master. Be not mistaken, he's as much obliged to us for hearing him. 'Tis a Pleasure to him to think we are pleased.

A Woman sooner arrives to Old-Age, than a Man.

We reckon upon a Woman's Fortune & a Woman's Age, by two Rules diametrically opposite; which are both False: do but change the Application, & both are right.

He that speaks the Truth & nothing but the Truth without compliments or Flattery before the ladies, is look'd upon to be an ill-bred Man.

In the Case of Children, a Woman's Word is taken sooner than a Man's, even in the opinion of the Men.

Nothing is so much abus'd as the word *True-Churchman*. To obtain this Character, you need not give your self the trouble to go to Church & say your Prayers; or if you go there sometimes out of decency or formality, you may sleep all Service time if you will. The Question only is whether you voted for *Towzer* or *Dick* the last election. If you voted for *Towzer*, you are hereby pronounced solemnly in the name of all Mr. *Richard's* Friends, to be an Enemy to the Church of *England*, tho' you are a constant Attender thereof, & inviolably conform to all its Rites & Ceremonies.

*Petronius* will drink to the Church, will pay the Dues of the Church, & will fight for the Church; but he seldom sees the Inside of a Church; yet *Petronius* is a true Church Man.

Party will make us love those Persons whom we know to be Knaves & Rogues: & it is Party will

make us hate those who by our own Confession are Virtuous & Good.

We have oftentimes a violent Love for a Woman, whom we have no good Opinion of.

When two Men agree to have a difference decided by fighting, they agree at the same time that he who is the Stronger Man has the Right on his Side.

We generally think that we buy a Yard of Stuff cheaper of a Man that bates us two or three *Sols* of what he asked ; than of him that insists upon his Price. It is what pleases us better, tho' we pay dearer.

The Follies of other People, & our own Perfections, we are not capable to judge off, our Selves. We always shoot beyond the Mark.

*A very excellent good Sermon that was which was preached last Sunday.* Say ye so ? pray what was he upon ? Why truly he spoke so low, I could not hear him ; beside I stood at a great distance ; but really it was an admirable Discourse. You might have said without more adoe, that the Sermon was applauded by Several Learned Men,

& that you are always of the same Judgment & Opinion with the Learned.

To ask pardon, upon giving an affront, is so far from being beneath the Dignity of a Great Soul, that it is perhaps one of the greatest instances of a Great Soul.

*Damon* is esteem'd an honest good Man, & he thinks so himself: but *Damon* has no Virtue but in confessing his Faults & he's absolv'd.

The delight some People take in giving Advice or passing their judgment upon things, exposes at once their Ignorance & Pride.

A Man is thought worthy of Esteem, when he has obtain'd some Excellency above the common Reach & Capacity of Mankind: but it is in every one's power to be good and virtuous.

We need not thank a Man for the Esteem he has for us, because it is forced on him: he can no more help it than seeing the Light of the Sun when it shines. But we are obliged to him for his Respect & Friendship, because this proceeds from his Will: it is his own Act & Deed.

Esteem is most commonly the Parent of Envy.

In every art or Science, when we are least capable to please, we think we please most, & are most forward to shew our Parts: when we are got to the tip-top of Perfection, we are Shy & think no body likes us.

## *Conversation*

THE first thing in Conversation is to know when to Speak, the Second to speak Truth, & the third to speak well.

In Conversation we like that Man better, that seems pleas'd with what we say or do, than he that speaks or does the most agreeable things before us.

The Laws of Conversation are different according to the different Places where we are, tho' the Company be still the same. When I come to your House, you make twenty Apologies for your Entertainment; & I must commend as much as you find fault: When you come to mine; the same Farce is acted, only we must change Parts.

If it was not for *How do you do? It's a fine day; Here's your good health; your humble Servant; I thank you, S^r:* and the like: Many a Man would be at a Non-plus in Conversation.

Our thoughts are more taken up in studying what we are to speak, than in giving Attention to others:

and this makes so many disagreeable in Conversation.

It is a ſtrange Weakness in Mankind, that many times we can't say and do several things before a large Company together, which we can easily do and say before any of 'em apart.

Those, who lay it down for a rule in life, Always to keep better company than themselves, muſt Always keep Company with those who are of a different Opinion.

He who thinks it Scandalous to be seen in worse Company than himself, muſt have a mean Opinion of those who keep him Company, if he thinks at all.

A Fool is laught at that speaks ridiculous things, and so is the wise Man that formally tells us a Story of what all the Company knew before; be the Subject never so good.

We never scruple to believe a Man, when he speaks anything to his own Shame or Disadvantage.

I don't know how it happens, but so it generally is, that we are all of us very eager & fond to get the Start of another in telling a piece of News, especially if it be Strange and above the degrees

of Probability: and yet the Information is the same whether it comes from my mouth or the Mouth of any other Person. I should have said with this difference; that he who gets the Start has very often the honour & satisfaction of being said *To shoot in a long Bow.*

Whenever I find a Man that used to call me *John* accost me formally with *Sir* I have reason then to believe, I have given him some Offence or other.

It is often an Ugly side Blow we give those we are in Company with; when we commend extravagantly the Learning, Diligence or good Success of an Absent Person who is of the same Profession or Employment.

Comparisons are odious. *Clito* is ever talking of his rich Uncle, before those who have poor Relations, to their great Satisfaction you may be sure. *Superbus* has a Rectory of Six Hundred Poundes a Year: whenever he admits a poor Curate into his Company; the Conversation must certainly turn upon his *Glebe*, his *Tithes*, his *Patron*, upon every thing but his *Sermons*. The Curate must be mightily taken all this while.

There are some vainglorious Fools that will ever be disputing in Company, right or wrong.

The only way to convince one of these Coxcombs is to go over to their Opinion, for then they will certainly espouse yours and defend it.

If you can help it, never quarrel with any body, for tho' you are in the right & your Adversary be in the wrong : when an Arbitrator is call'd in to make up the difference ; he generally pronounces Faults on both Sides.

In moſt Quarrels & Contentions, he that firſt proposes to be Friends again, is the Person that was leaſt in the Fault.

One may observe that empty Vessels always sound the loudeſt : a fit emblem of those shallow-pated Coxcombs that will evermore be noisy in company.

The beſt Qualification for a Man, is either to have a great fund of Learning, or none at all. Its between these two extremes, that your pedantick, silly, conceited Coxcombs are to be found.

Have a care of making a Jeſt, be it never so innocent, either on a Fool or an Inferior. They will certainly think you do it only to laugh at them : they cannot take Jeſt. If you will be merry, it muſt be either with a Man of Sense or an Equal.

Wit without discretion is a bad Qualification for a Man. For he is in a fair way to get the Hatred of all that converse with him, unless they shou'd happen to lose their Memory.

Many an Error and Slip would escape the Notice of others but that we must be so ready forsooth to make Excuses.

Personal Conversation is quite a different Thing from Conversation by Letter. In this last, if we only write down our Thoughts as naturally & easily as we should express them in Words, its enough. But in the first, there is something more required, and which cannot be done in the other. For besides the Propriety of Words & just Pronunciation, it is certain that every Thought of the Mind has a distinct peculiar tone of Voice assigned to it, a peculiar Air of Face, a peculiar Gesture of Body. According as a Man observes or neglects this Peculiarity, he becomes more or less agreeable in Conversation.

Nothing is easier than to keep a Secret, there needs no more but to shut one's mouth.

As long as you are Silent the Words are your own ; they are another Body's when you speak.

Before you part with a Secret to any one, consider whether you are sure you shall never fall out with him.

You are sure of having your Secrets disclos'd, if you commit them to a Man who tells you the Secrets of others.

Whenever you speak, always speak the Truth, but not all Truths: 'tis offending good manners to speak disagreeable Truths.

From the moment you make a Promise, you commence a Slave; you cannot be set at Liberty, till it be performed.

It is an Act of Grace & Favour to make a Promise, but it is an act of Justice to perform it.

That's my Man that's slow in promising and Sure in performing.

He that is of so tractable & easy a Nature as to promise without distinction; will be as ready to break his Word to the next Comer.

That which costs least to give, & is most valuable to receive is good Counsel.

A Person that will be always giving good Advice, is past hopes of receiving any.

We have generally a better Opinion of that Man's understanding who asks our Advice than those we ask Advice from.

Give advice to a Man in any thing but good Manners; for nothing vexes us so much as to be thought wanting in good manners.

The more of the Fool there is in Man, the more capable he thinks himself of giving Advice.

We all of us have a better opinion of o$^{r}$ own judgments than of other People's w$^{ch}$ makes Mankind be so ready to give Advice, but never to take any.

Advice, as it is generally given, serves rather to confirm Persons in their mistakes than to reform them.

The Liar and the Swearer may be both put in the same Class: for tho' it does not always hold, that every Liar is a Swearer, yet this may be laid down as a *Postulatum*, that *he that will Swear will Lie*. A Swearer is nothing else but a *Liar with Additions*.

The best Sermon against Swearing, is to hear the Swearer himself flourish it thro' all the Tropes & Figures of Rhetorick.

An Affected Man has surely a mean Opinion of himself; else he would not endeavour to appear so much unlike himself.

There is many a Man by Affectation has lost the good Esteem which others would have had of him, if he had only appeared in his own proper dress and colour.

Affectation does not enter into the Character of a Great Man; because he has those Qualifications which others w^d^ appear to have.

Affectation is like a Vizor-Mask: the nearer anything resembles another, the farther distance it is off it.

Hypocrisy is only one half of Affectation: for you may affect to have the Vices as well as the Virtues of a Great Man.

The Man who can be in Company without any more Concern than if they were so many Stocks

& Trees, is Lookt upon to be more Polite, better Bred, & is more Esteem'd, than He who has so great an Opinion of their Worth & Judgment, as to be afraid of saying or doing any thing before them, lest it shou'd not be right.

Hogsheads when empty make a great sound; & but little or none, when they are full: A true Resemblance of the Fool and Philosopher in Conversation.

An Affected Man studies always to please, for which reason he never does please.

Good Breeding, in the opinion of Mankind, is little else but to be able to speak & look, to Sit & Stand, to eat & drink, to walk, to sing & to dance with the same freedom and easiness before Strangers, as you every day do at home by your self & before your own Fire-Side. There is not much required beside this to make a well-bred Man; and without this all other Qualifications are Scarce regarded by the World, & indeed are of little or no use to the Owner.

Good Breeding is nothing else but to keep strictly up to Nature without Affectation. You need be at no Charge of a Master to teach you.

There is Something, I know not what to call it, in the Composition of a Taylor, a Parish Clark, a Schoolmaster and a Sailor, whereby you can never be out in knowing 'em to be Such. They have severally Something about 'em which makes them differ from one another; & they have all something about 'em whereby they appear different from the rest of Mankind: You may know them without their Speaking one Word: Whether they have this Oddity from Nature which directs 'em to their Several Professions, or whether they receive it from the Profession it self; let the Learned determine.

Some People are eternally at it *Cozen such a One* and *Cozen such a One*; and before Strangers too: What is it to Strangers, who you are Related to? Call 'em by their proper Names.

It is Vanity & a point of ill Breeding to call any Relation by the name of Cozen (either absent or before face) if this Relation be Superior to you either in Honour or Fortune. If they think fit, they may do it.

A Talkative prating Man in Conversation is like a tall Soldier in the Field of Battle: there's more room to hit him.

But a Silent Man in Conversation may be compared to those still Waters which make the least noise and often prove the deepest.

We are oftentimes more moved, when a Person is sorry & asks Pardon for the Injury he has done us, than when he did us the Injury.

Shew me an Impudent Fellow & I'll shew you a Coxcomb: Those who have but a small Capacity must make up that Defect by Brass & Front: those, who have good sense, need not be concerned for Outside.

Be cautious in your Praises or Censures before Company; for what is it to censure or Praise, but only to have a Mind to appear a Man of great Penetration & Judgment? Meer Vanity!

The less we talk of the Great & Powerful, the better: to speak well of 'em is often Flattery; & to speak ill, is dangerous.

Don't envy *Cutzoni* her fine Voice: she sings most charmingly, 'tis true, but she has more reason to envy you the Pleasure in hearing her.

We are more concern'd & uneasy about the Imperfections of our Body, than our Mind; tho' the former are no Crime, and the latter are; tho'

it is not in our power to help those, but these we may correct when we please; in fine, tho' the Mind be the more noble part of Man. *Pamphilus* will give you leave to laugh at his Gallantries, but will be horribly affronted to be told of his Squinting & Lameness, which are none of his Fault.

It is labour in vain to dispute with a Man; unless Somebody be in Company, to whose judgm$^{t}$ you w$^{d}$ both submit.

We hate any thing that's common, be it never so Right and Just: we love to be Singular in all our Words & Actions, even to the forfeiture of Reason & Good Manners. As if Truth and Goodness should be less so, because many defend it; or should be the more corroborated, because only one does.

There are some of what they call Half-Gentry, that will be ever Squeezing themselves in Company with their Betters, but would be loth at another time to admit a plain downright honest Man to sit down with them. No! 'tis a Disgrace to be seen in Such mean Company. Pray what must they think of those Great Men into whose Company they have the liberty themselves to be sometimes admitted.

There is a pleasure to please & a pleasure to vex in Conversation. The one is a kind Benefactor that distributes part of his own Stock, the other is a Robber that takes from us what is dear & valuable.

The Pleasure some People take to make others uneasy in Company is like the Pleasure of the *Devil* which always arises from the Misery & never from the Happiness of Mankind.

A Husband and Wife are the only two Persons in Company that ought to take the least Notice of each other.

If a Man has a favourite opinion to which he is entirely wedded; be cautious of using such Arguments to him before Company, as that he must be forced to give it up or else be laughed at. He will certainly hate you.

It is very improper for a Man to read his own Works before Company except in the Pulpit, and many times not proper there.

Every thing that may be lawfully done is not fit to be done before Company; nor is every thing fit to be spoken that may be lawfully done.

Its a mark of a mean Spirit to repeat Grievances, or to discover our Wants, if we can help it.

We ought to behave our selves to our Children, as we would have them behave to us when they grow up: never to refuse 'em our Company or the Company of others; suffer them always to sit at Table with us, to let them see & hear what can be seen & heard with Innocence.

Children would not be half so childish as they are but for their Nurses & those that are about 'em, who always talk to 'em in a very childish Manner. When Sense comes to be taught, Good Sense is as easily learnt as Nonsense.

There is not anything so ridiculous as some Mistakes and Blunders, except the Excuse.

A great many things pass in Conversation which a Wise Man minds no more than the Wind that blows: for it is much easier not to take Notice of any Mistake or Blunder than to pardon it.

Things are taken as they are given. You may drop an unguarded Expression without the Company being sensible of it or seeming to be so, or thinking that you are so; till you come with your Excuse: & then you declare plainly that you are

sensible of it your self, & consequently make it necessary for some Reply to be made by the Company, either to pardon or resent it; but in either Case very often to your own Shame & Confusion.

An Absent Man is the most unfortunate Man in conversation; he scarce opens his mouth but out comes some Blunder or other: The Company is the only thing that is not in his head. He'll be witty on old Maids before Women of Sixty who were never married: cry down Tradesmen to those who have nothing to live on but what their Father or Grandfathers got by keeping shop: talk of Gallantries & Intrigues in the presence of a Lady whose eldest Daughter was born before Wedlock. But let him stop here;—Nothing can excuse him, if he asks pardon.

Blockheads & Coxcombs are as useful to Men of Wit as a Whetstone is to a *Sithe:* they can give sharpness, tho' not cut themselves.

Great Men's Company may be compared to a Smoothing Iron: will make you sleek & fine but have a Care of being burnt.

Nothing more common & nothing more ridiculous, than to give a judgm$^{t}$ of Persons; unless we

be equal or Superior to them in that upon which the judgm[t] is passed.

It is not often considered, but perhaps one of the greatest Misfortunes that attends Mankind is not to *Dare to deny*: it requires either a good Education or a Superior Fortune to be able to do it.

## *Virtue*

A MAN, if he has qualifications suited to the World, is never thought the worse Man for his private Vices.

*Frosina* is quite tired of her Virtue, tho' the Name pleases her much. Fifety years is a long time. But she gets married at last, to be still called Virtuous.

Vice is more pardonable by the World than ill-manners.

We have nothing to do with a Man's Vices; they belong to himself & perhaps affect no body else: his Behaviour & Manners is what belongs to us; they affect the Community where he lives.

It is not enough for a man to be good & Virtuous; he himself only is the better for it: let him be likewise useful to others, if he w$^{d}$ live to purpose.

There is a more than Ordinary shame attends some Vices; which, with the addition of a small Circumstance, any time to be had, cease to be Vices & become Virtues and praise-worthy. What is more common than to say of a Married Woman; *A Good and Virtuous Wife?*

Virtue consists not so much in Doing, as in not Doing. Abstinence claims the highest Seat among the Virtues, or rather is but another Word for Virtue.

The greatest Virtue is to abstain from what is forbidden us: because everything is a Temptation to them that fear it. Many things we never shou'd have done but for the Prohibition.

Virtue passes very often unregarded, because the World is so much impos'd on by Hypocrites.

A Man may be Good in any State or Condition of Life, & cannot be better in a Greater.

## *Miscellaneous Thoughts*

CUNNING acts by Secret & unseen Ways. When it discovers it self, it loses its Name. It never is greater than when it least appears.

Ignorance and Admiration go together. We admire those things most which we understand least.

Clemency may thank Vice and Wickedness that she is become a Virtue.

Generosity and Injustice are oftentimes Synonymous Terms: when a Gentleman has out-liv'd himself, or a Tradesman breaks, 'tis a thousand Pitys, we cry, he had a generous Soul.

The Envious Man thinks all Pleasures insipid, but what are derived from Another's plan.

The Envious Man cannot taste any of the Pleasures of Friendship: he can neither love his Neighbour, nor be beloved by him.

Happiness it self is not able to give the Envious Man content, as long as there remains another more Happy.

Let but the Envious Man have his Will, and he'll freely consent to be miserable himself rather than that his Neighbour should be more happy.

*Polycrates*! an honest a Fellow as ever broke bread, nobody can say wrong he did, a Man of good sense & Learning, a faithful Friend, a loving Husband, a tender Father. This is said even by Persons of his own Profession: the reason is, he dyed this Morning.

Envy changes into esteem when the Object is out of sight.

We can't envy a Man but we must hate him at the Same time: but we may hate a Man without envying him.

He that loves himself better than all the World beside, will be evermore hated by those Persons, who are of the same Principle.

Self-love is a most unnatural Passion in a Married State; and yet from this Passion proceed Great

Fortunes, Joyntures, Settlements, and every thing that seems to contribute to its Happiness.

We are very ready to believe what we Wish, without any Reason at all: and what we have an Aversion to we disbelieve, tho' confirmed by the strongest Proofs.

Happy is the Man who has nothing to hope for in this World, and nothing to fear.

As Cowardly as a Coward is, it is not safe to call a Coward a Coward.

Have a Care of the Man that has not Courage to require Satisfaction for past Injuries & is in constant dread of future ones. If he strikes, he Kills. *Cowardice* is the Mother of Cruelty.

A Resolution to meet Dangers, & contemn Death, is mostly conspicuous in Men of high Birth, & an exalted way of thinking: they can be exceeded herein by none, except it be by the dull, heavy, stupid Vulgar who have little or no Thought at all.

Calamitys and Misfortunes are but a Flea-biting to some, while they are scarce tolerable and to be born by others: even so; take a Pound weight

in your hand; 'tis heavier or lighter, just as you hold it.

Wit is one of those things, which Mankind are universally agreed upon; it strikes, as soon as it is out, with force irresistable. It is as it were inserted in our Nature: We all of us lay a Claim to it; for tho' every body is not Master enough to speak it himself; yet as soon as it is spoke by another every body immediately thinks it is nothing but what he himself c$^{d}$ have spoke.

A Man is angry when a Misfortune happens to him by the carelessness or design of another: but he is sorry when a Misfortune befalls him unavoidably.

An Injury gives a Man more Uneasiness, than a Loss or Disappointment. Sorrow is less painful than Anger.

A great Calamity is oftentimes more tolerable than the disappointed Fear or Expectation of a Calamity. A Person brings you word thro' a Mistake; S$^{r}$, your Son lies dangerously ill: You immediately go over to see him; but to your disappointment find him in good health, and fall in a Passion. At what pray? Because your Son is

well? You do because your Expectation is baulkt: That is, S^r, because your Son is not Sick.

We seldom find in Man so much Patience, as to conceal from others the Pain he feels from a Fit of the Gout or Stone, or any other Distemper.

There is this disadvantage attends a prosperous State, that we always think our Lives too short; and there is this advantage attends a miserable Life, that Death never comes too soon.

It is one good Quality of Evils and Misfortunes, that the older they are, the weaker they grow.

Nothing shews the Weakness of Mankind more than the great desire they have of enjoying That, which their Reason and daily Experience tell them they are not sure to keep one Moment.

Our Desires are greater than our Wants; and we always Suffer more from Them, than from These.

Its an expensive affair to stand in need of outward show. Fine Cloaths indeed to some Bodies are of great use because they serve instead of valuable Qualifications, to which the wearers are utter

ſtrangers. Of these we say & say juſtly *That the Worſt piece is in the middle.* A good and Great Man carries all that is valuable within himself; and, if he be known to be such needs nothing of Dress but what is cheap & easy to be had; of whom we may say & say juſtly, That He Himself His own Person is the beſt piece.

Amongſt ſtrangers; the fineſt dreſt Man, is the beſt and Greateſt Man.

Happiness was never design'd for this World: When we are Single, we want to be married; and when married to be Single again. In Youth we wish to be Men; in Old Age to be Young again.

Of all Pain & Diſtempers Death is the easieſt: a Child can bear it; its off in an inſtant & never returns: not like those long Paroxysms of the Gout & Stone, which no sooner go off, but return with greater Violence. And yet, if it was left to our Will which to choose, we should cry any thing but Death. Thanks to the great Governor of the World, for not giving us this Liberty: else we should be very cruel to our Selves.

The weakeſt of us have ſtrength enough to bear the greateſt Pain.

Life finds us all equal and Death leaves us so. All the Distinctions of Mankind, as being Rich & Poor, Wise men and Fools, Old & Young, Princes & Peasants are only to be found between these Two Extremes.

It is an easy thing to speak the Truth; there needs no Study or Labour about it: but it requires great Considering and Application to form a Lye, and a greater Memory to remember it.

A Man may give the Lie and speak the Truth; but he can never tell a Lie but Speak false: and perhaps he shall receive a Stab for the former, and for the latter an Applause.

A Letter from a Great Person is seldom kept a Secret—It perhaps feeds a Man's Vanity more than to be in Company with a great Person. Rather than not be thought a Man of Consequence *Damon* will write letters to him self.

The Character of a Prudent Discreet Man is, generally speaking, One who seldom does any thing right, & never does any thing wrong.

The Great Men and the Men beneath them are the Same in Species, but not the Same in the way of Thinking. The Former know they can say

& do nothing amiss; the others know they may say & do amiss & therefore are afraid they shall say & do amiss. These Characters are discernable by the Looks, Behaviour & Words of Every body we converse with.

Many a pretty Gentleman enjoys a fair Estate, which he never got himself, but was got by others. He that got the Estate was perhaps only a Taylor, but had this pretty Gentleman been once a Taylor he had been a Taylor still.

That fine *Seat* there is a Tradesman's: in less than 20 years it will be called a Gentleman's Seat. The Father foreseeing that his Son c$^{d}$ never get an Estate takes pains & works hard to make him a Gentleman. But the Son is the last Person, that will tell you who his Father was: And it w$^{d}$ be the highest Affront in the World to tell him, Who he is the Son of.

There is often a double Misfortune attends the Man that knows his weak Side: for he strives to keep it from the Knowledge of others, by the very means that make it more visible and apparent.

One would wonder where the difference should be between our certainty that a Man knows a Thing, and his telling us that he knows it. I have com-

mitted a Fault, & *Menander* knows it ; I am certain he knows it. While he makes no Mention of it, I sit pretty easy ; but whenever he names it, he assuredly puts me out of Countenance.

Some bear it patiently enough, and it may be take a pleasure to know of another man's Faults ; and yet will even be ashamed (no less than if they were guilty themselves) if they should think that those others know it has come to their Knowledge.

We seldom measure Actions by the Inclinations of the Agent, but by the Event. We easily forgive an Enemy his designs against us, when they did us no harm.

Never mind a Thing & it will soon slip out of your Memory : strive to forget it and you will be able to think of nothing else.

Many an innocent Thing has been made a Crime by asking Pardon.

We oftner judge of Principles by the Men, than of Men by their Principles.

There is scarce any Man ever yet came into the World that the World was not the Better or Worse for.

When you see a Man lose the Esteem of some Persons, take it for granted he gains that of others.

To remember our past Afflictions is a Pleasure; to remember our past Happiness is a Pain.

An Enemy, when he seems most kind, is most to be feared.

Homo est animal risibile, say the Philosophers: Laughing perhaps makes not so much the difference between Man & Beast, as it does between Man & Man.

He may be a pleasant Man that makes the Company to laugh, but he cannot be much esteemed.

The greatest Encouragement to Knavery is this: that the Knaves have always the Laughers on their Side. What is more ridiculous than a Man that's cheated?

There is a just distance for all Objects to present themselves in their true light. The mind of Man cannot rightly discern its own Actions, because they lie too near for a thorough Survey; any more than the Eye can see it Self or any Object that touches it. Look upon another Man affected with the same Vices as you are your Self, & in him you'll

plainly discover those Vices with all their Ugliness & Deformity & pronounce of them accordingly, We are all of us true Looking-Glasses One to Another.

The bravest Hero is he who forgives ; because nothing is more difficult than to forgive.

The Man who is not born Great may oftentimes become so, by his Parts, his Industry or Virtue.

Lying, like some Books, will bear but one Edition, and there it drops ; but Truth will bear 20 or 30 Editions without Amendment.

If it was learning or Wit that made the Good Man ; Good Men would be thinly scattered upon the Face of the Earth : and so indeed they are.

Let a Man have never so many shining Qualitys ; the least Ingredient of Pride, Malice, Covetuousness or Flattery will tarnish them all.

A Knave is a machine made up of Materials w$^{ch}$ are join'd together like Hebrew Letters ; to be read backwards, if you w$^{d}$ understand him.

So precarious is the happiness of Mankind, that we have not fund enough in our Selves to be happy

but are forced to borrow of our Neighbours. Name one Blessing you're possess'd off. You say *Power*. That's enough one would think to stand by it self. But what will you do with this Power, if there is no body to fear or admire you, or be protected or conquered by you. Its a Sound & nothing else, & you are never the better for it.

Mankind was made for Society: no one Individual can subsist of it self. We are all of us tied together as Links in a Chain, Supporting & Supported by such other from the top to the bottom. The Rich & the Poor, the King & the Subject, the Master & the Servant, the Man & the Woman, must stand together or else they fall.

There is little difference between the Great & the Vulgar. They both act by the same Rules & in the same proportion. We rise up before a Great Man, keep our distance, are in pain how to speak & admire every thing he says & does. While we are in this Agony, in comes a Greater Man, before whom he acts the self same part, as we did before him.

An Honest Man, that crys up his own Honesty; Acts the Honest Man, but Speaks like a Rogue.

Could we but enter into the Hearts of Mankind, and see the Motives & Springs that prompt them to the Undertaking of Many illustrious Actions; we should very probably see fewer of them performed.

A Gentleman that's his own Steward, has two Estates: he has both the Proprietor's, & the Steward's too, which is sometimes better.

One difference betwixt a *Steward* & a *Chaplain:* The Steward has Liberty to retire, when the first Course is taken away; the Chaplain is forced to move off, when the last Course is brought on.

Such persons are in their Expressions more free than Welcome & must expect to be always the Object of Hatred. For no man can ever be beloved who brags of his Superiority over another, whether in joke or Earnest. A Generous Soul w$^{d}$ rather stand the trial of his Life, than such Expressions.

As ugly a figure we think a poor Man makes at our door in ragged Cloaths; he makes a very beautiful Picture in our Parlour, when drawn to the Life.

The delight & pleasure which is to be found in anything whatsoever, does certainly encrease in

proportion to the danger & difficulty there is in coming at it.

The Words Scholar & Coxcomb most comonly stand for one & the same thing.

A Present sent by a Servant loses a great deal in the Carriage. What is a haunch of Venison Worth, after you have given half a Crown?

An Excuse is putting on a Pair of Gloves, when you have got the Itch.

Accustom your Self to Faces, and you will become Master of a Qualification, which is equally necessary towards the Forming of an Impudent Fellow, & a Well-behav'd Man; and which will carry it in the Grande Monde before any other Qualification whatsoever.

A Few Words well husbanded will go a Great Way; A Man may be Prodigal of these as well as of his Money & with as little Commendation. Covetuousness here is a Virtue. I have known a Female Orator let off in 5 minutes time as many Words as w$^{d}$ fairly have Serv'd any reasonable Man in 5 days for all uses & Purposes whatsoever. How many Words might be sav'd in a Year?

Humility is a Virtue of the Rich & Contentment of the Poor ; as Envy is the chief Vice of the latter, & Pride of the former.

To Pride, Self-interest & Shame are owing many of our Virtues : Few are Virtuous for Virtue's sake.

Man is the middle Part of the Creation : he partakes in some things with God, in other Things with the Beast.

Its safest travelling those Roads, where a Robbery has been committed but an hour before.

To make things clean, implies no more than removing filth & Dirt from one Place to another.

When a Thing is lost its safe enough, only we cannot tell where to find it.

There is no Crime greater than taking a Man out of the World, as there is no Shame greater sometimes than bringing him in.

A Man perhaps is never more mistaken, than when he believes himself to be a Fool.

All the Miserys of this Life proceed either from our *Vices* or our *Follies*. These are real but never observed, the rest only imaginary but yet our greatest Vexation. There's but a Short Cut to the Happiness of Mankind could we but all come to this one Reflection; That Whatsoever has befallen us or will befall us is certainly the best that can befall us.

We live in a World where Some Crimes meet with both Punishment & Commendation; the Omission of which is evermore attended with Shame & Disgrace. A Man challenges you, you fight him; he drops: you take y^r^ Trial without Blushing; are condemned, hanged, and applauded. If you had not fought him, you'd have been posted for a Coward, hooted at & asham'd to shew y^r^ Face.

Titles and Honours, like strong Liquors, the longer they are kept, the milder they grow and are more valuable: Nothing more heady and intoxicating than when they are new.

The Knowledge of Letters is a good thing; but unless it be joined with a Knowledge of the World, makes a Man rather ridiculous than esteemed.

The Head and the Heart make up the Composition of that Creature we call Man : from the one proceed the Learned and the Ignorant ; from the other the Good and the Bad.

We are always most sorry for the death of them that are most fit to dye.

Man is Partial to himself, for the most part prejudiced in his own Favour. There perhaps requires as much good sense for a Man to be capable to know his mistakes & Imperfections, as to be able to make a Compleat Work.

Great Parts & Great Learning shou'd be ever more join'd to Great Fortune or High Offices : here they are never idle, have always proper Objects to work upon. Whereas in Private Life, they are pent up, feed upon themselves ; and are often of no farther Use than to make the Owners of them Proud, Envious & Ill-Natured.

An Affected Man is an enemy to Nature ; he chooses to act the Part of another rather than his own : but Nature is pretty Even with him : for he always acts it so awkwardly that he is soon discover'd & laught at.

The difference between the Happy & Unhappy Man is not much. Where Happiness is wanting, Nature is so indulgent to her children to give them *Hope* in its room, w^ch^ does the Business every jot as well.

Man is born with both Soul & Body ; were one to judge by his Care, Study, Employ, by all the Actions of his Life ; he certainly prefers the latter to the former.

The greatest Good & the greatest Evil of Mankind, is *Pleasure.*

All Men are both Happy & Miserable, & equally so ; they are obliged to Nature for their Happiness & for their Misery they may thank themselves. Riches & Honour & Pleasure, which are Things of our own Seeking, are the only Cause of making us Miserable ; whether in the Possession or in the Want of them. For where's the difference between the *Fear of Losing* & the *Desire of Having*? And one of these two Passions take up the whole Life of Man, from the Highest to the Lowest.

There are few people but what can bear their own Misfortunes better, than the Prosperity of another.

Dangers have the same effect upon Heroes & Cowards, as the Wind has upon Fires & Candles; w^ch^ raises & inflames the one, & quite extinguishes the other.

Estates beget 'Squires, but a Squire without an Estate soon loses his Title.

He that lay's upon another's Horse is at no Charge in the Keep.

Pride makes its Appearance chiefly in *Dressing*, *Speaking* and *Acting* out of Character. So what is Pride in one Person, is not Pride in another.

A Gentleman that lays out ten thousand pounds in a fine House & Gardens, seldom considers that they may be seen by any one, except the owner, for nothing.

Truth is a Prize among a thousand Tickets; there is but one Number to hit it, but Nine hundred, Ninety & Nine to miss it.

Truth & Lying are a Point on a Large open Plain, where Multitude of Roads meet: there is

but one right Road for the Traveller; all the reſt lead him out of the way.

Truth is *one* thing: The Thing which *is:* call it by the Name of any other thing, the number of which is infinite; and then 'tis Lying: The Thing which is *not.*

Lying is like a Wild, huge, irregular Forreſt; where you will be hard put to it, unless you have a ſtrong Memory indeed, to remember the place of any particular Tree you have mark'd. Truth, on the contrary, is a small regular Enclosure, where you can easily go again to any thing you have once seen.

Those who have a short Memory shou'd always speak the Truth; and so let those do, who have a ſtrong Memory. Cheating is nothing but a Lye put into Practice.

Women & Linnen look beſt by candlelight.

To bate down a Tradesman is silly when we desire never to pay.

Such is the weakness of Mankind that all of us fear nothing more than Death. Fear implies a

wish that a Thing may not happen. How ridiculous then the Wish, when we are sure it cannot but happen?

Who can blame Fortune for bestowing her gifts upon the unworthy when she's blind?

*Printed in Great Britain by*
*Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury.*

WESTFIELD COLLEGE
LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON